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### THE MINISTRY AND THE PEERS.

THE decision of the Lords to appoint a Committee to inquire into the working of the Land Act and its effect on the condition of Ireland may perhaps be regretted; but it was a mistake made honestly and with good intentions, and has been met by a challenge on the part of the Government which is quite unnecessary, which must be inoperative, and which will lead to a lamentable waste of the time which the Government professes to be anxious to economize. The representatives of the Irish landlords in the House of Peers had a real grievance which they felt most acutely. A great wrong was being done them, and they wanted to get redress, or at least a recognition of what they had to endure. They, therefore, asked for a Committee of their own House to inquire into the facts which they alleged could be proved. But unfortunately they had not waited until they had formed a distinct conception of the mode in which the Committee was to act, or of the legitimate scope of its inquiries. They did not wish to drive the Government from office, or to embarrass it in its grave contest with anarchy, but merely to show that, as private individuals, they were suffering unjust pecuniary losses. Unfortunately they so shaped their motion that, if it was literally carried out, the Committee must very gravely embarrass the Government. If the inquiry is to be pushed so as to include an exhaustive examination of the effects of the Land Act on the condition of Ireland, the first thing must be to ascertain what is the condition of Ireland. It is, no doubt, a condition of outrage, disorder, and conspiracy. There are many plots and many outrages. Some of these plots and outrages may be the fruits of the Land Act, others may be the fruits of desperation in view of the Land Act having been passed, others may be the fruits of political and treasonable agitation. Whether any particular manifestation of disorder is or is not traceable to the Land Act must be a mere matter of opinion, unless the decision is based on knowledge which is exclusively in the possession of the Executive. No one is qualified to tell the Committee what it professes to wish to know except Mr. FORSTER himself; and it is totally impossible that a Chief Secretary can do his duty efficiently and faithfully if he is to be summoned to the bar of the House of Lords to account for all he has been doing and to reveal all he knows. Again, the inquiry is not only framed so as to embrace, but, as Lord WATERFORD informed the House, is expressly designed to embrace, an investigation into the grounds on which the Sub-Commissioners have been appointed and their fitness for the offices they hold. Either the evidence on this head must be a collection of idle gossip, or it must rest on a personal examination of the Sub-Commissioners specially objected to, or it must be elicited from Mr. FORSTER himself. No one can give full and accurate information as to the reasons for a choice except the man who made the choice, and the position of a Chief Secretary would be altogether untenable if he was obliged to justify to a Committee, composed of, or controlled by, political adversaries, the choice of those who are serving the Crown under his nomination. Lastly, it will be impossible to get at the erroneous grounds of particular decisions without ascertaining what these grounds really are. No one knows these grounds except those who gave the decisions. The Committee, to do the work thoroughly, must lay bare the

minds of the Sub-Commissioners, must ascertain a host of minute facts, and examine how these facts affected the judgment of the Sub-Commissioners. The Committee would be turned into a Court of Appeal, and whatever else the Land Act was meant to give, it certainly was not meant to give an appeal to the House of Lords, and still less to a lay Committee of the House.

The Conservative leaders could not possibly have been blind to the objections of the Committee which stared every one except the framers of the motion in the face. They had either to abstain from supporting the motion or to accept the Committee and control it. Alive to the real grievance under which their Irish supporters were suffering, they preferred control to rejection. By taking the lead on the Committee, they could so shape its action that dangerous inquiries into the state of Ireland should be avoided; that Mr. FORSTER should not be called to account for his appointments; that the Committee should not sit as a Court of Appeal, and that every appearance of partisan hostility to the Government should be avoided. Lord SALISBURY and Lord CAIRNS necessarily look on the action of the Committee from a different point of view from that which engrosses the attention of the Irish landowners. They must inevitably think of Ireland as statesmen think of it, and not merely as crippled or ruined proprietors think of it. They cannot possibly wish to make all government impossible, simply because government is for the moment in the hands of their opponents. They know the difficulties with which the Ministry has to deal, and with which any Ministry that succeeded it would have to deal, and they are aware that the state of Ireland is far too critical to permit those in a responsible position to invidiously embarrass a Government which they are not prepared to replace. They can see as clearly as any one else the truth of the theoretical proposition that if the Lords, by a free use of hostile Committees inquiring into current acts of administration, paralysed Liberal Ministries, there could be no Liberal Ministries so long as the House of Lords is what it is now. But they feel sure that there is not the slightest chance of the House of Lords making this misuse of its latent and seldom exercised powers. They are confident that the Committee will be guided by them, that it is not designed to be a politically hostile Committee, and that they can keep it from becoming a Committee that will exist merely to embarrass and censure the Government. They can save it from doing harm, although perhaps they will not be able to secure that it shall do much good. If the Committee works within safe limits, it can scarcely do more than place on record facts sufficiently known to every one. It will sum up the pecuniary effects on landlords of the cases that happen to have been decided down to the date when it makes its report. It can show that these results are not results that could have been expected from the language of Ministers before the Act was passed. It may possibly hazard or point to an opinion that the results are not in accordance with the terms of the Act, although this would perhaps be straying rather too far into giving an extra-judicial decision in matters of pure law. But the most that such a result would come to would be that it would submit to Parliament the case of the landlords in a striking and compact form.

But, although Lord SALISBURY and Lord CAIRNS may be trusted to so control the Committee that it shall be

innocuous, the Government could not be expected to remain perfectly passive and accept humbly or peacefully the institution of a Committee which, if not well guided, might be every day censuring the Government or embarrassing its action. The recognition by the Lords that a case has been made out for its inquiring into the reasons why the Government has made a whole class of appointments might be construed, if unexplained, as involving a censure on the Government. The Government was obliged to do something, but it might have done something very much better than what it has chosen to do. It was perhaps justified in declaring that none of its members would serve on the Committee; for as the Committee could only be innocuous under good guidance, it may have been better to leave the guidance to the honour and good sense of the leaders of the Opposition, rather than to have fought the question of guidance at every stage of the Committee's proceedings. But much milder means of asserting its position might have been found than that adopted. Mr. GLADSTONE's combative Resolution brings with it evils far greater than any that were involved in the institution of the Committee. It will lead to a furious Irish debate, it will make the prospects of proper legislation for England this Session almost hopeless, and it will probably produce a mock contest about the relations of the Lords and the Commons. The contest will be a mock contest because every one will feel that in this case, at any rate, there has been no real issue. The Lords did not mean to attack the Government; they did not desire to have a standing Committee of censure; they had no wish to embarrass the action of the Government in a moment of great danger. So far from the Conservatives generally having any special anxiety to single out Mr. FORSTER as an object of censure, it was Lord CLAUD HAMILTON and Mr. MACARTNEY who on Thursday most warmly defended Mr. FORSTER against the brutal vulgarity of his Irish assailants. The case of the Government in the debate on the motion for the Committee was most feebly stated, and scarcely any reference was made to the real dangers and inconveniences that might flow from the action of the Committee if the Committee were injudiciously handled. Of course, if the House of Lords intends by any vote to express its want of confidence in the Government, the reply of a Government which, like that of Lord MELBOURNE when Lord RODEN carried his motion for an inquiry into the state of Ireland, in 1839, wants to know whether it is to exist or not, is to get, if it can, a counter vote in the Commons. On the present occasion the Lords have not meant to censure the Government, and it is useless for Mr. GLADSTONE to parade the majority which on such a subject he can notoriously command. Lord GRANVILLE might have put things right without any appeal being made to the Commons. If he had stated, after both parties had had a day or two to deliberate, that he understood the appointment of the Committee was not meant as a censure on the Government, and had gone on to point out the means of unfair attack on the Government to which the Committee, if conducted in a contentious spirit, might open the door, he would unquestionably have received from the Conservative leaders an assurance that the institution of the Committee was not meant as a censure on the Government; that they were fully alive to the necessity of rigidly controlling the action of the Committee; and that they would be no parties to an unfair attack on those whose difficulties in a time of great delay they appreciated. The result, which is the most that can be attained after a six nights' debate in the Commons, would have been arrived at in a few minutes. The Government would have vindicated itself, and the Committee of the Lords would have gone on, but gone on in a very measured and moderate way.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE CLÔTURE.

MR. GLADSTONE has seldom, if ever, made a more disappointing speech than that with which he introduced the new rules. No speech could have been more disappointing to those who looked for an outburst of violence, dictation, and tyranny against a prostrate and unoffending Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE was mild, patient, and studiously bent on giving no personal offence and making no personal charges. But at the same time no speech could have been more disappointing to those who

hoped to have heard an effort of solid argument, and to have seen at last how the Government justified the introduction of the clôtüre, and the shape in which the clôtüre was introduced. Mr. GLADSTONE recorded the dictates of his almost unique Parliamentary experience. He showed how much and from what causes the business of Parliament had increased. He showed that the present Parliament was the most industrious and overworked of all Parliaments. He unfolded, with moderation and accuracy, the recent history of Parliamentary obstruction. He paid a tribute to the calmness and impartiality with which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had attempted to combat obstruction in its early days. He appealed to the history of last Session, when something more severe than the regulations of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was proved to be needed, and dwelt conclusively on the necessity of erecting permanent safeguards against evils which were once remedied by the intervention of the SPEAKER, or by the accidental mistake which excluded the obstructionists from the House when the rules for urgency were carried. Lastly, he lavished the warmest praise on the Ministerial scheme for relieving the House of a heavy portion of its work by delegating the consideration of some Bills to Special Committees. But there was nothing in all this that bore directly on the only question that divided the House. The new rules deal most vigorously and efficaciously with obstruction. They provide for the delegation of a large portion of the business of the House to Committees. But they also introduce the clôtüre; and Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, if it had satisfied public expectation, would have shown exactly what the speech he made did not show—why, with obstruction made impossible and the business of the House greatly lightened by Committees, the clôtüre was wanted. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who always strengthens his party by the exhibition of extreme and unswerving fairness, stated that he could conceive the clôtüre being presented in the light of a necessary evil. It must be an evil in itself, as Mr. GLADSTONE and every one else acknowledge; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out, with great effect, one special danger which it will carry with it in England. The pressure from without which will have been exercised to create it will also be exercised to insist that it shall be employed, and the wire-pullers, not the unhappy members who obey them, will decide when a debate that seems tedious to Birmingham shall close. But what Mr. GLADSTONE did not attempt to show was that the clôtüre could be pronounced to be a necessary evil now. Parliament knows what obstruction is, and is quite ready to save itself from the ridicule, the irritation, and the lamentable waste of time to which obstruction gives rise. It will also, no doubt, be ready to try the experiment of delegating a portion of its labours to Committees when the great secret has been revealed at what hours and in what ways these Committees are to get through their work. But Parliament does not know, and cannot possibly learn from anything but experience, how much it would be relieved by these seemingly efficacious remedies. If it were found that the time gained was lost over again by foolish, purposeless, or malicious protraction of debate, the clôtüre in some form might be a necessary evil. But it is only a mere surmise to say at present that, although it is an evil, it is absolutely necessary.

It is, however, open to perfectly fair contention that the clôtüre might be so shaped that it would scarcely be an evil at all; that the service it would render the House was a very small service, but still an appreciable one; and that, in framing new rules of procedure, it is as well to guard against every loss of time that can be avoided. This was the contention of Mr. GOSCHEN, who urged that the proposal for the clôtüre ought to be taken in connexion with the special nature of Englishmen, and with the games in fashion at public schools. We are all, Mr. GOSCHEN thought, so predisposed to fair play from our cradles, and so inured to fair play by football and cricket, that in all circumstances and in every generation Englishmen would always apply the clôtüre fairly; that is, it would never be applied unless it really was the evident sense of the House, as opposed to any one party, that a debate should end. The Speaker would be the perpetual and faithful exponent of English fair play. It would be pleasant to many people to be as passionately convinced as Mr. GOSCHEN is that there is invariably displayed a love of fair play in English politics. But, even if Mr. GOSCHEN is right, his contention has scarcely any bearing on the pro-



posal of the Government. Little as Mr. GLADSTONE said in favour of the *clôture* generally, he said still less in favour of the shape given to the *clôture* by the Government. He attempted to meet some objections to this shape by an addition to the rule, providing that when the *clôture* is carried because the minority is under 40, the majority in that case must reach 100. This part of the rule thus altered would be very fairly in harmony with the body of the rule. In a House of only 139 members, the Speaker would exercise an impartial discretion in declaring the evident sense of the House. He would have been proved to have been right by a majority which must exceed by two and a half times the minority that wished the debate to end. He would have manifestly acted in the spirit of fair play; and the House, not necessarily a party, would have shown what was its evident sense. But directly the House is a little fuller, a totally different theory is to prevail. If 401 members are present, a sudden and long farewell is bid to the impartial Speaker, to the spirit of fair play, and to the evident sense of the House; 201 members may bid 200 to hold their tongues. Recourse is then had to the grand principle that a bare majority may always in Parliament bind a minority. Mr. GLADSTONE recited some memorable instances in which very important decisions of the House had been come to by the smallest possible majorities. If small majorities may do such things, why should they not do the much less thing of closing a debate?

It is unnecessary to enter into the very obvious distinction between the action of a majority in deciding after argument, and the action of a majority in deciding that no more argument is needed, because the proposal that a bare majority shall decide when the *clôture* shall be applied is not the proposal of the Government. In those cases which in the course of a long Session must frequently occur, when the attendance of members is comparatively thin, not a bare majority, but a majority two and a half times as large as the minority, will be needed to terminate the debate. When the House is full, a bare majority is not to decide that the debate shall be closed, but that the Speaker has rightly interpreted the wish, not of the majority, but of the House, that the debate shall close. If the action of the majority in closing a debate is to be put on the same footing as its action in deciding ordinary questions, the Speaker ought not to intervene at all. The majority should propose the motion which it seeks to enforce. If it was desired that the Speaker should intervene otherwise than as an official putting the motion of the majority, he might be asked to declare when, in his opinion, the debate ought to terminate, and then the vote of a majority would show that the majority coincided in the opinion of the Speaker. This would tend to make the Speaker a mere partisan, but it would not be inconsistent with the theory that a majority should decide when the debate is to close. But what the Government proposes is that the Speaker should declare the evident sense, not of himself or of the majority, but of the House; and if the vote shows that what he has mistaken for the evident sense of the House is only the sense of a bare majority, it shows that he is altogether wrong. It is a favourite argument with those who uphold the proposal of the Government that the experience of last Session with regard to the declaration of urgency showed that rules for facilitating business which obliged the Government to obtain the adhesion of the leaders of the Opposition were of no good. But the rules for declaring urgency and the new rule for the *clôture* are of an entirely different character. In the former case the House set the Speaker in motion; in the present case it is the Speaker that sets the House in motion. It is he that proclaims what is the evident sense of the House. It would be contrary to the most elementary notions of fair play, and a glaring distortion of language, for the Speaker to declare that the evident sense of the House was that the debate should terminate when he knew that the leaders of the Opposition wished it go on. For the Speaker to show that he has been acting in the spirit of fair play he must always have ascertained that the leaders of the Opposition, if present, will support him. This is no doubt a very valuable safeguard, if all Speakers and Chairmen would always see that it was in force; but the existence of this safeguard is totally inconsistent with the doctrine that a bare Ministerial majority is to decide when debates are to terminate.

## THE FRENCH TREATY.

M. TIRARD'S speech in the Chamber of Deputies on Thursday removes all uncertainty as to the position of the commercial negotiations between France and England. The Treaty of Commerce will not be renewed. The English Government, according to M. TIRARD, has refused the last offers made to them by France, though these offers went beyond any that had been made even by M. GAMBETTA. M. TIRARD wishes, no doubt, to convey the notion that England has been capricious and unreasonable throughout the ten months for which this question has been hanging on hand. The simple-minded French Ministers have been following a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and it is only now that they have discovered that nothing that they have it in their power to offer will be acceptable to the capricious nation with which they have to do. A more accurate account of the matter would be that the French Government never believed until the last moment that England meant what she said. Had they been convinced of this the negotiations might have ended long ago. The position of the English Government on this question has been consistent from first to last. They said in the beginning that they would accept a new treaty provided that it did not make the position of the English exporter worse than it was under the old treaty. They were not enough in love with the policy of commercial treaties to consent to limit their own fiscal freedom merely to get worse terms than had been given to them twenty years ago. The French Government were unable or unwilling to see that these assurances were seriously intended. They had persuaded themselves that the renewal of the treaty was a matter of vital importance to England, and that in the end we should take something less than the irreducible minimum we had put forward in the first instance. It is possible that M. TIRARD was genuinely surprised when he found, on returning to office, that the English Government had in no way changed their note. The terms of the offered treaty were less advantageous than those of the expiring treaty; and, that being so, the offered treaty must be declined. M. TIRARD mourns over the wasted labour of the last ten months; but the English Government have better cause for taking this tone, inasmuch as if their words had only been taken in their plain meaning France would have seen ten months ago that it was useless to carry the negotiations further.

The only mistake that the English Government seems to have made was a very natural one under the circumstance. They were really anxious to renew the treaty on the old footing, and really determined not to renew it on any less favourable footing. But they did not make it clear enough to the French Government that the first of these feelings was exactly balanced by the second. The French Government seem to have all along believed that the desire to make a fresh bargain would prove a much stronger sentiment than the determination not to make a worse bargain. If they are not Protectionists they are not sufficiently convinced Free-traders to understand how the English Government may be sorry to lose the benefit of a conventional tariff, and yet certain that in the long run even the abandonment of the conventional tariff will do more harm to France than it can possibly do to England. It will be a loss, no doubt, to have the French market closed against English cottons and English woollens; but it is economically certain that if France buys less from us, she must in the long run sell less to us. How long it will be before this elementary fact is brought home to her is another question, but as soon as the treaty is at an end the process of enlightenment will begin. Unfortunately it will begin under conditions peculiarly unfavourable to its rapid development. Ten years ago the most successful missionaries of Free-trade in France were her wine-growers. This great industry was able to send us as much wine as we wanted, and any change which had threatened to interfere with the continuance of so enormous a trade would have been deprecated by the entire population of Champagne, Burgundy, and the Gironde. The phylloxera has sadly changed this state of affairs. The quantity of wine produced in these districts is so much lessened that the existence of a great export trade is no longer the vital matter that it once was. The home consumption will absorb all the wine they have to sell, and though the competition may be less brisk if England ceases to be the good customer she has been, there seems to be no ground for

expecting that even in the French market the supply will exceed the demand. The spread of Free-trade doctrines in France is thus likely to be less rapid than it might have been if the expiration of the Treaty of Commerce had promised to be more immediately injurious to a specific French industry.

M. TIRARD's speech on Thursday goes, however, to show that these doctrines have a stronger hold even now on the French Government than might have been thought from their refusal to make the necessary concessions to this country. The position ordinarily assumed by Frenchmen has been that, as the treaty did us a great deal more good than it did them, they could afford to be indifferent to the chances of its renewal. Upon this theory, when the English Government refused to accept the last offer made to them by France, it was for France to leave matters to take their course. She had nothing to lose from the expiration of the treaty; the only result would be that English goods would only come in under the provisions of that general tariff which forms the last word of the French nation upon international commercial relations. When it came to the point, however, it turned out that France was not quite so indifferent as she seemed to be. M. TIRARD's speech is largely taken up with a description of the efforts he has made to avert a catastrophe which, on his own showing, should have been no catastrophe at all. Both Governments, it seems, are "desirous of not severing every commercial relation between the two countries," and out of this wish there grew an idea of placing the two countries on the footing as regards one another of the most favoured nation. At this point, however, French jealousy awoke. France has lately concluded a series of commercial treaties, so that for her the promise to give England all that she gives to the most favoured nation would be a reality. England, on the other hand, is not thus bound, and though under a most favoured nation agreement she could not impose duties on French imports which she did not impose on imports generally, she might raise her tariffs all round without giving France any valid ground of complaint. Accordingly the French Government declined to enter into the proposed arrangement unless the English Government would pledge themselves not to alter the existing duties on French goods. But the English Government were not minded to deprive themselves of the liberty they had just regained. In the absence of a treaty they desired to "retain freedom of action as to their tariffs." According to the account in the *Times*, this announcement was received with murmurs; but why the French Chamber should be angry with England for doing the very same thing which France has just done in the construction of her general tariff is not very apparent. The English Government then proposed to leave France free to rescind the most favoured nation agreement, first at twelve and next at six months' notice. The dread of a rise in the duties levied on French goods was so present to the minds of the French Ministers that even this did not seem an adequate protection. In six months England would be free to raise her tariff on imports, while during all this time France would be self-deprived of the power to retaliate. Even now, however, the French Government could not bring themselves to let the treaty go. They had at the eleventh hour come to see that it might be "painful and detrimental to lessen international exchanges by the application of the general tariff to products useful, not only to the general consumption of the country, but to many French industries." A stranger admission was never made on behalf of a Protectionist nation. The French Legislature has spent a great deal of time and labour on the framing of a general tariff, and now the Government admit that, if the tariff is applied to English goods, many articles will be kept out which are useful, not only to the general consumption of the country, but to many French industries. A greater condemnation could not be passed on the general tariff. For whom is that general tariff intended if not for the principal customers of France? If the goods of every country are to be admitted at lower duties, either by virtue of commercial treaties or of most favoured nation agreements, what is the use of having a general tariff? It was not for the English Government, however, to teach Frenchmen consistency; and when M. TIRARD announced that France of her own free will would accord to England the treatment she accorded to the most favoured nation, they had plainly nothing to do but to

accept a civility which will at all events make the changes consequent on the expiration of the treaty somewhat less irksome than they would otherwise be.

#### AUSTRIA AND EASTERN EUROPE.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF has at last been recalled to St. Petersburg, where it is said he will be called on to explain the speech in which he hurled defiance at Austria and Germany. Among his other gifts, General SKOBELEFF has certainly the gift of plain-speaking. He delivered his testimony to Europe in a manner that was even painfully distinct. The Slavs are rising against Austria, the heart of Russia is with them, and the right hand of Russia will always be found ready to obey the impulses of its heart. But the real enemy of Russia is not Austria, but Germany. It is Germany that has eaten into the vitals of Russia by the introduction of high-placed but poisonous officials, and, what is much worse, it is Germany that prescribes to the CZAR the line of policy he shall follow. Therefore, if Russia is to breathe freely, Germany must be crushed. The great war of the Teuton and the Slav must be fought out; and, although the struggle will be fierce, the final victory will be with the Slav. These were the frank sentiments of a Russian General addressed to Servians, who might be trusted to make them known not only to the European public, but to those who are now fighting, or ready to fight, against Austria. The Russian Government at first affected to make very light of the utterance of General SKOBELEFF. It was lost in surprise that any one should attach any importance to the random remarks of a Russian who was travelling for his pleasure abroad. The real policy of Russia was well known; it was a policy of love and peace towards Germany and Austria; and the CZAR was earnest in repeating that this was his real and only policy, and that General SKOBELEFF had no authority to speak for him. But recent experience has amply shown that the policy of the CZAR for the time being is not necessarily the policy of Russia, nor that which the CZAR himself will ultimately adopt. The late Emperor was forced into the war with Turkey entirely against his wishes, and against the dictates of his better judgment. The National party ordered that there should be a war, and there was one. And the present CZAR is even more powerless than his father was; shut up a close and most wretched prisoner in his palace, he has none of the power, and probably little of the wish, to make himself obeyed. He is a necessity to those who guide him, because they want a Czar who shall be an object of religious veneration and an incarnation of majesty. But Russia is now sufficiently in contact with Japan to understand from the old history of that country the art and the advantages of keeping a Mikado. The object of religious veneration and the incarnation of earthly majesty may fulfil his functions perfectly well if he is kept boxed up in a dismal palace. The temporal government can be carried on comfortably and pleasantly by those who have supplanted him. And those in whose hands the CZAR now is are the acknowledged leaders of the party to the views of which General SKOBELEFF has just given such a very candid expression. General IGNATIEFF was the herald of the Turkish war, and there are probably not two points on which he and General SKOBELEFF disagree. M. KATKOF has been appointed tutor of the CZAR, and there will be little in General SKOBELEFF's speech that will be new or strange to this heir of gilded misery. Prince BISMARCK refused to be put off with explanations that the language of General SKOBELEFF meant nothing. He insisted that something should be done as an open mark of the CZAR's displeasure. As usual, he got what he asked, and the Russian Government has abandoned the position that no notice need be taken of the utterances of a private person, and has summoned General SKOBELEFF to account for what he said. The only result will be that Germany has made Russia do something it did not wish to do. Otherwise the consequences of General SKOBELEFF's recall will be trivial. He may be reprimanded, or even removed from the active list, but he will be perfectly sure that his services will be used whenever they are needed. The National party will remain as much as ever the master of Russia. The war between the Teuton and the Slav may be averted, perhaps for a short time, perhaps for a long time; but every day that it is averted, the one cause why it is averted will be that the real rulers of Russia are afraid of the war they would like to provoke.



For Austria everything depends on her being able to put down the insurrection in the occupied provinces before the insurgents receive any considerable amount of assistance from without. Up to the present moment the Austrian troops have been able to do little or nothing. They have been reconnoitring here and there, dispersing small bodies of insurgents, losing a few men and then going away. There has been no operation on a large scale undertaken, and it is not surprising to hear that the insurgents have been more encouraged than depressed by what has been hitherto done against them. The preparations for a combined advance are probably not as yet complete; but what really stops Austria is the weather. Mild as is the winter in the greater part of Europe, Bosnia and Herzegovina are very cold, and the country has been rendered impassable by heavy falls of snow. To do anything effective, Austria must wait until the spring has fairly set in. When the weather permits, Austria will, at a great expenditure of men and money, put down by degrees every symptom of open insurrection if the insurgents are left to themselves. If they receive support from without, Austria will, by a much larger expenditure of men and money, put down the insurgents and their supporters; but she will have to take steps which will bring her into almost inevitable collision with Russia, and will raise questions that will interest the whole of Europe. The support given to the insurgents may come from Montenegro, from Servia, from Bulgaria, from Russia, and from the disaffected districts of Austria itself. It will be the help of the Slav to the Slav. At present all that is known is that there has been a conspiracy among leading Austrian Ruthenians which has been detected in time, but which was discovered to be of a decidedly serious character. Some Russian officers are stated to have obtained leave of absence, and to have passed through Roumania on their way to Bosnia. The insurgents evidently get money from some outside source, and the Austrian officials have succeeded in stopping some not inconsiderable consignments of arms. On the other hand, the Governments of Servia and of Montenegro are acknowledged to be giving Austria all the assistance in their power, and in Bulgaria there has not been disclosed any symptom of that sympathy with the insurgents which the Princes of Servia and MONTENEGRO have had to acknowledge and repress in their own subjects. But there is a danger, to which Austria is fully alive, that the controlling power of the Servian and Montenegrin Governments may be swept away by a current of popular feeling, and the Hungarian Government has stopped the supply of a large Servian order for arms, on the ground that, although the present Servian Ministry might be trusted, it was impossible to feel the same confidence in its probable successors. The general result seems to be that at this moment there is no great movement of the Slavs against Austria, and that there may be none if order is speedily restored in Bosnia; but that, if the insurrection lasts, there might be a Slav movement of a dangerous, because a general, character.

The whole subject of the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has been once more discussed in the Hungarian Parliament. The extreme dislike with which the advanced Hungarian party has always regarded the occupation found renewed expression in view both of the dangers of the insurrection and of its proximate causes. M. TISZA, the Hungarian Prime Minister, did his best to justify both the course the Government has taken and the course it intends to pursue. The proximate cause of the insurrection is the introduction of the conscription, and it is most difficult to show how the introduction of the conscription is consistent with that tenure of temporary occupation which is all that Austria gained by the Treaty of Berlin. If England and France were to occupy Egypt until order was restored, with the assent of Europe and the Porte, it would be thought a very strange extension of their functions if the French made Egyptians enter the ranks of the French army. M. TISZA took refuge in a subtlety which is hard to grasp. To have proposed to the Parliament of Austria and Hungary to sanction the conscription in the occupied provinces would have been a straining of the treaty; but an order from the Government only might be looked on as a mere police regulation, and therefore unobjectionable. But M. TISZA has rather airy views about the Treaty of Berlin. He considered that it was quite open to Austria

to give back the provinces to the SULTAN, or to annex them, or to declare them autonomous. The simple fact is that Austria made a leap in the dark when she occupied the provinces, and the deeper she goes the blacker is the darkness around her. But it does not follow that the Austrian Government repents the occupation. It may still think that, of two evils, Austria chose the less. She is fighting the Slavs on a ground where her rights are indisputable, and where she may legitimately call on all established Governments to do nothing to add to her troubles. If she had not secured this position, she might have been obliged, as M. TISZA hinted, to ally herself with Turkey in a general anti-Slav crusade, and to such an alliance M. TISZA expressed an invincible repugnance. The speedy suppression of the insurrection by Austria, unaided, except so far as Germany wards off Russia, will mean the repression of the wild ambition of semi-barbarians for a time, and perhaps for years; and if Austria can effect it, she will have done a great service, not only to herself, but to Europe, and, above all, to the Slavs themselves, who need, above all things, peace and time to grow into some kind of elementary civilization.

#### MR. BRADLAUGH'S EXPULSION.

WHEN Mr. BRADLAUGH some time ago announced that he had found a *catholicon* or universal remedy for all his disabilities, no one was clever enough to make out what he meant. Indeed, it could hardly have occurred to any one that even Mr. BRADLAUGH's ingenuity, assisted by Mr. BRADLAUGH's contempt for what other people hold sacred, would devise the scandalous farce of Tuesday. Some very clever people affect to see in this proceeding something more than mere childish indecency, while in the repeated insult offered to the House on Wednesday they see a second move in a clever game. Mr. BRADLAUGH, according to them, aspired after a third mandate from the electors of Northampton, and thought this the best way to get it. It is really hardly necessary to inquire into the workings of Mr. BRADLAUGH's mind. The House of Commons has to do, not with his intentions, but with his proceedings—a fact which is constantly forgotten by his apologists. If he had not put himself on record as a person on whom the oath was not binding, the transactions of the last two years would not have taken place. If he had not twice in two days forced himself on the attention of the House—first by a piece of insolent mummery, and then by a piece of more insolent insubordination—he might have continued to lurk about the precincts of the House, and address gatherings of Secularists and Republicans in the purlieus of the capital, till a dissolution returned him to his appropriate obscurity. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's original proposition, though no doubt it was wholly inadequate as a punishment, met the necessities of the case fairly enough for the time in face of the extraordinary conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE. The second and final motion was necessitated by the second and final insult. Perhaps it may be worth while to point out that the regular sentence of expulsion bars any quibbles about the possible validity of the sham oath. It is not necessary to frame sentences of grave rebuke or passionate indignation in regard to Mr. BRADLAUGH. He has been judged long ago. His later proceedings have been quite of a piece with his general character and conduct; and the only difference in them is that they have been of a nature to necessitate the use of the last weapon of self-defence which the House has in its hands. On Wednesday afternoon the SPEAKER of the House of Commons deliberately represented to the House that his authority was defied, his orders disobeyed, and his efforts to interpret the will of the House itself fruitless. After such a representation, there was nothing left to do but one thing. To talk about an "error in tactics" is therefore absurd.

There is another person concerned, however, whose conduct is much more interesting and much more worthy of comment than Mr. BRADLAUGH'S. Admirers of the PRIME MINISTER assert that "he acted through these 'trying scenes with the consistency, courage, and dignity' which have marked his conduct in dealing with this 'question from first to last.'" There is no doubt of it, and it would be impossible to find a more exactly appropriate phrase. The consistency which pursues an argument up to a certain point and then stops short at the con-

clusion, the dignity which sulks for years in revenge for the indocility of the Commons of England, the courage which never dares to meet the problem fairly and squarely, but skulks behind courts of law, previous questions, allegations as to the time of Government being so much taken up that they cannot deal with the matter, and so forth, have never deserted Mr. GLADSTONE in this BRADLAUGH business. The PRIME MINISTER'S speech on Wednesday was a marvel of verbiage even for him. But such fragments of meaning as made themselves obvious through the mist of distinctions, divisions, and limitations must have considerably astonished Mr. GLADSTONE'S friends. It is not necessary to do more than point out how peculiarly remarkable at the present moment is the PRIME MINISTER'S conviction that the authority of a majority of the House is not supreme, and ought not to be supreme, in deciding the question whether one of its members has or has not disqualified himself from exercising his functions. Such an authority, as Mr. GLADSTONE is trying to prove with all the combined strength of argument and the caucus, is, or ought to be, supreme in deciding whether a legislative measure shall be argued or carried without argument; it is not supreme in the one point in which immemorial antiquity has declared it to be supreme, that of the relation of members of Parliament to Parliament. This, however, was what may be called an inconsistency of occasion. The speech contained plenty of inconsistencies which were intrinsic. Probably no man living but Mr. GLADSTONE would rise in a grave assembly, of which he is the nominal leader, to assert that such and such a matter was "first, disobedience; secondly, repeated disobedience; thirdly, flagrant disobedience," would clench this threefold assertion by saying that a certain act was done "literally in the teeth" of a certain resolution of the House, and would then assert that "the Executive" of the House has not been directly defied and disobeyed." It is not necessary to urge that, by the confession of the SPEAKER in reply to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the executive authority of the House had been directly disobeyed. The contradiction, to be evaded only by a mere quibble between the Orders of the House and the mouthpiece of those Orders, is sufficient already. But Mr. GLADSTONE had not finished with his hearers. He was not satisfied with this extraordinary sample of self-destructive argument. He proceeded to build up laboriously a demonstration that Mr. BRADLAUGH'S wrongdoing had long separated itself from the original question of his position in regard to the oath. Every proposition of his went to show that, recently at any rate, the late member for Northampton was in a state of simple contumacy, or rather of flagrant and repeated contumacy. He stated in so many words that, whether decisions of the House be right or wrong, the executive authority, being powerless of itself to rectify them, must be supported in carrying them out. The upshot of all these arguments, the conclusion from all these conclusions—every one of which leads to only one result, that Mr. GLADSTONE, whether agreeing or not agreeing with the House, was bound to take the lead in carrying out its decisions—was that Mr. GLADSTONE declined not only to take the lead, but to take any part at all. An ingenious person might without much trouble split up the speech into two parts, which would appear to be spoken by two different persons. "There has been repeated and flagrant disobedience," says one; "There has been no direct disobedience," says the other. "The authority of the Executive must be supported," urges the first; "I decline to support the authority of the Executive," replies the second. The courage and the dignity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S attitude remain about the same as his panegyrist declares. But there are grounds for asserting that his consistency, while the same in kind, has increased not a little in degree. As for the one characteristic which is yearly more apparent in him—the intense and concentrated intolerance of opposition to his own will—the affair adds, not a new, but another illustration.

Of the future of the matter it is not necessary to say much. It is possible that Northampton may be tired of being the opprobrium of English constituencies. At the last election Mr. BRADLAUGH'S majority was very narrow, and the Government which he supports has not grown more generally popular since. A few hot-headed persons may be seduced by the attractions of posing as the defenders of injured innocents and of the rights of electors. But there may be a certain number of Northampton Liberals who are weary of seeing their town dragged through

the mire, who see that the House of Commons has been driven to act as it has acted, and who have by this time pretty accurately gauged the claims of Mr. BRADLAUGH to pose as a champion of religious liberty and a victim of sectarian persecution. Martyrs for conscience sake do not declare one day that oaths are not binding on them, and next day propose to take them. Champions of liberty who brawl and squabble like paid disturbers of a public meeting, who insult and degrade the assembly into which they wish to force their way, who rehearse and perform parodies of religious ceremonies, are not champions on whose side it is very cheering or creditable to find oneself. It is impossible to tell what may prove attractive and what may not to persons who have at any period of history been so curiously disposed as to vote for Mr. BRADLAUGH. But as among the three thousand and odd voters who returned him last there are probably some who have vestiges of respect for Christianity, the performance of Tuesday last may possibly open their eyes to a somewhat truer view of the character and conduct of their candidate than the heat of a general election or the natural and not wholly ungenerous resolve to stand by the man of their original choice permitted them to take on the two former occasions when Mr. BRADLAUGH presented himself. They might still feel this sentiment if Mr. BRADLAUGH had followed the example of similar protestors in former times by decent and quiet endurance. They are fully discharged from the obligation of it by his tergiversation in regard to his principles and his outrages on the dignity of the House.

#### AN ANTI-AGGRESSION LEAGUE.

ON Wednesday last a Galaxy Gallery of British Intellect, with a considerable reinforcement of Radical members of Parliament, met at the Westminster Palace Hotel to start an Anti-Aggression League. The Westminster Palace Hotel is the favourite home, or rather cradle, of Leagues nowadays. It was there that Mr. O'DONNELL paid the preliminary expenses of the Farmers' Alliance, a receipt for which he keeps in triumph to the due confusion of Mr. HOWARD. It was there that the New Party tried to be born, though, unfortunately, its efforts towards genesis have hitherto been unsuccessful. The Anti-Aggression League, therefore, had many memories behind it when it met with Mr. JOHN MORLEY for chairman, with Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, Dr. CONGREVE, Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, and several other notable persons for assessors, and a tail of obedient members of Parliament for audience, to verify its powers. The opening speech, as reported in some papers, is a little surprising, for it is attributed to the Chairman himself. Now, as Mr. MORLEY'S argumentative solvency is undoubted, whatever may be thought of the political enterprises to which he chooses to lend his name, it is odd that he should seem to utter two such battered old Hanoverian medals as the interested aristocrat and the gregarious clubman. He must surely be acquainted with several staunch opponents of Non-intervention—which is the older and less question-begging name of Anti-Aggression—who have nothing to hope from war except an increased Income-tax, and who would no more think of packing up and carrying away ready-made opinions from their clubs than they would think of packing up and carrying away the soap or the notepaper. More accurate accounts, however, disclose the fact that Mr. MORLEY was only "reading portions of a printed address," which is different. The arguments of a printed address are very properly suited to the habits and comprehension of the audience, and when that audience consists for the most part of those Radical members of Parliament whose happy lot has just been graphically described by Mr. PETER TAYLOR, the suiting must be done carefully. They must be furnished with matter which will go down with caucuses, and there is no doubt that in caucuses the interested aristocrat and the gregarious clubman are still names to conjure with.

A verbal critic might perhaps, as has been hinted already, take some exception to the title Anti-Aggression League. It is not matter of general knowledge that any Englishmen have banded themselves together into a league for the purpose of promoting aggression. But perhaps Non-intervention has been a little discredited, and the old ship, according to a well-known custom, finds it necessary to attract a crew by a change of name. This



however, is a mere preliminary criticism, and it may be freely granted that, if Anti-Aggression be a good thing, it ought not to suffer from being troubled with a bad name. Supposing a party of roaring lions to be going about seeking whom they may aggress—the verb, though little used, is strictly in accordance with analogy—by all means let the lambs of the flock combine to check them. It becomes, then, expedient to examine the programme of the lambs. Their objects, it appears, are manifold. They want to bring together all accessible information with regard to foreign and colonial transactions; to increase the control of Parliament over the said transactions; to curb the doings of our agents abroad; “greatly to qualify the doctrine that the Government is bound to use force in defence of every British subject wherever he may choose to wander”; and to further the practice of international arbitration, which, it may be observed in passing, a prophet of their own has just naively confessed to be historically a practice singularly unfavourable to the interests of this small little island. Such are the sentiments of the printed address to all Anti-Aggressionists present and future. The Chairman does not seem to have commented much on them, and further light on the intentions of the League must be gathered from the speeches of the movers and seconders of motions. It is with sorrow that it must be observed that, though Mr. MORLEY had disclaimed party motives, too many of those who followed him appear to have made nothing but party speeches. Mr. DILLWYN remarked that they were not there to form a Peace-at-any-price League, and even slighted the Peace Society, but he made pointed reference to Afghanistan and the Transvaal. Mr. HERBERT SPENCER maintained that, “if they could not secure themselves against being betrayed into needless wars, they should cease boasting that they were a self-governed people.” Mr. HENRY RICHARD was eloquent on the North Bornean question. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON “deprecated the idea that the association was started in a spirit of opposition to the present Government,” though it is difficult to see what could have made Mr. HARRISON suppose that any one would detect in an Association founded to recommend universal scuttling opposition to a Government of scuttlers. But Mr. HARRISON must have been reassured by the Rev. EDWARD WHITE, whose name is new to us, but who expressed confidence that the association would receive a large amount of support from Nonconformist bodies. No one who has even the faintest knowledge of actual politics can suppose that an association which had even the appearance of being founded in opposition to the present Government would receive a large amount of support from Nonconformist bodies.

To take the matter more seriously, it may be inquired what the Anti-Aggression League really wants. Its demands, being sifted, amount to two, or perhaps three—that the *Civis Romanus* doctrine shall be utterly abolished; that the hands of English representatives abroad shall be tied completely; and that questions of foreign policy shall be, in the first place, as well as in the last, submitted to the arbitrament of popular opinion directed by agitation. These are the Three Points. As for the first, there is little to be said. At all times when the hearts of Englishmen and of English Ministers are in the right place, the *Civis Romanus* doctrine will be enforced in a moderate and becoming manner; when these hearts are in the wrong place it will be neglected. No efforts of any association will help the one result or prevent the other, so that this point is comparatively unimportant. Now for the second. Everybody, it may be supposed, knows what is aimed at in the proposal to “check and punish officials who pursue an aggressive policy unsanctioned.” It refers to a war which the majority alike of Liberals and of Conservatives regret, and for which the late Government was no more to be blamed than the present. But it is certainly extraordinary that any rational being should fail to see that, while the comparative freedom of a certain colonial Governor’s hands brought about a war which was probably needless and certainly disastrous in a particular case, the proposed tying up of the hands of all colonial governors might, and probably would, lead to results far more disastrous in a majority of cases. So long as English colonies march with savage countries, and until Mr. HERBERT SPENCER has succeeded either in civilizing all savages or making Englishmen retire from all colonies, there will be emergencies in which there is no time to wait till Mr. CHESSON has been duly advised; till he has held a meeting of the Aborigines

Protection Society, and another of the Anti-Aggression League; till Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has made up his mind what the National Liberal Federation is to telegraph to the local branches, and till the various members of Parliament have been notified how they are to vote. The machinery for this procedure is, no doubt, in an admirable condition, but the best machinery requires some time to work, and during that time the aborigines will be washing their spears. There is no answer to this argument, for it depends on the simplest matters of common sense and experience. But the proposal that not merely colonial policy, but international policy generally, should be submitted in the first place to popular approval, is the greatest absurdity of the bunch. In the first place, the argument from history and common sense is no less strong against it, is even much stronger, than in the other case. England is hampered enough as it is by the slowness of her diplomatic motion, the frequent changes to which changes of Government subject it, and the uncertainty of its results. But in this case the proposal is not merely mischievous; it is foolish. Such affairs rest directly with the Government of the day, which is supposed, by courtesy at any rate, to be trustworthy. If it is not, the proper course is to displace it and choose another. If it is, what conceivable gain can there be in hampering it with inexpert criticism and interference? This is the briefest possible summary and indication of the arguments which suggest themselves at once against the preposterous attempt to conduct the practical business affairs of the life of a widely scattered nation by a succession of plébiscites. Perhaps it was hardly worth the trouble to take the League seriously at all; but a Galaxy Gallery of British Intellect is not to be treated too lightly.

#### LOCAL TAXATION.

TWO long debates upon local taxation have left that interesting but obscure subject pretty much where they found it. It is to be feared that until a way is discovered of attaining contradictory ends by one and the same means many similar discussions will lead to a similar result. If no objection could reasonably be urged against centralization; if there were no disposition to spend other people’s money more freely than we spend our own; or if those who ask to be taxed justly did not also insist on being taxed conveniently, local taxation would not be the recurrent problem that it now is. One obvious way in which relief can be given to local burdens is by making over particular functions to the central Government. This was what was done when the management of the county prisons was transferred from the county justices to the HOME SECRETARY. The cost of maintaining the gaols was taken off the rates and placed upon the taxes, and as it is only fair that those who find the money should determine how it is to be spent, the HOME SECRETARY, as the representative of the taxpayers, undertook the duties hitherto performed by the justices as the representatives of the taxpayers. It would be easy to repeat this process in other directions, but before doing so the very weighty arguments which can be urged against adding to the administrative burdens of the central Government would have to be considered. In the case of the prisons there were great advantages to be derived from the change, over and above the relief it afforded to local burdens. When the relief afforded to local burdens is the only gain, it might be too dearly bought by a succession of serious inroads on local independence and local activity. Another class of suggestions would get over this difficulty by leaving local work to be done, as now, by local authorities, and defraying the cost by State contributions. This is the principle which lies at the bottom of the proposals which are made from time to time for the establishment of a national Poor-rate, and for handing over the produce of this or that Imperial tax to the local exchequers. In this way there would be no increase of centralization. The local authorities would be as free as ever to manage their own affairs, while the expenses incurred in the process would be raised by an equitable contribution from property of all kinds instead of from property of one kind. Unfortunately, experience has shown that whenever a local authority is relieved from the annoyance of raising money, and only charged with the pleasing duty of spending it, it becomes quite reckless in its liberality. This has been strikingly borne out by the

history of the Education rate. In this case, the spending authority and the rating authority are elected by the same constituency, though by different methods; but even this has not entirely secured School Boards against the temptation to issue their precepts with but scanty regard to the pockets of the ratepayers. If the precept were addressed not to the ratepayers but to the taxpayers, this superiority to mere money considerations would be shown on a larger scale. Amongst the complaints brought against the present system of local taxation in rural districts, the injustice of charging the maintenance of the roads on the land is one of the most frequent. But the system of keeping up roads by means of tolls levied on those who use them was not more popular. Turnpikes were inconvenient, and, according to modern ideas, the existence of an acknowledged inconvenience reflects disgrace on our civilization.

It is often said that remissions of local taxation are really a relief, not to the tenant, but to the landlord. As a general rule this is undoubtedly true; but it may be a misleading truth if it is not accompanied with some qualifications. Sir WALTER BARTHELOT is doubtless right when he says that the last duty which the landlords of England would wish to have imposed on them would be that of raising their rents. But what may be disliked as a duty is sometimes accepted as a privilege; and, if the English tenants were universally prosperous, it is hardly likely that English landlords would allow them to reap the benefit of an Imperial subsidy. Cases, however, occur not unfrequently in which, even where the tenant is prosperous and the landlord fully determined to make all he can out of him, the landlord would not be able to prevent an Imperial subsidy from going into the tenant's pocket. This would happen of course wherever the land is held under lease; and wherever the landlord is not convinced that the tenant would be willing to pay over in the shape of increased rent what he has received in the shape of diminished taxation, or that, if he were not willing to do this, a more tractable successor could at once be found. These considerations have their force even where the landlord has no other end in view than that of making the most out of his land. With that large body of landlords whom Sir WALTER BARTHELOT describes as feeling that they are rowing in the same boat with their tenants, other and more kindly considerations come into play. And over and above this there is the fact that in the existing condition of English agriculture a relief accorded to one class may operate to the benefit of both. At present the state of things on not a few estates must be something of this kind. The tenant is at his wits' end how he is to go on paying his rent. The landlord is at his wits' end how he is to take a lower rent. The one does not see how he is to live if he does not pay less; the other does not see how he is to live if less is paid him. A dilemma of this kind may be happily got rid of by a diminution of local burdens. The tenant is the gainer in that, while his rent remains the same, his expenditure in other ways is reduced, and he is thus enabled to go on paying it. The landlord is the gainer because, though the tenant appropriates the whole relief from taxation, he is thus enabled to go on paying a rent which, but for this relief, would be altogether beyond his means. It may be said, no doubt, that in the long run this is only a relief to the landlord, inasmuch as, if there had been no diminution of local burdens, he would have been forced to lower the rent or lose the tenant. There are other alternatives, however, which a landlord may be inclined to take when driven to extremities. He may try the experiment of farming the land himself, or he may be forced to sell it outright. In the former case the existing tenant will certainly have to leave; in the latter case it is probable that he will have to leave. Buyers of land in a time of extreme agricultural depression seldom intend to go on farming it on the old system. In this way, remissions of local taxation may deprive the process of agricultural revolution of some of the hardships which would otherwise belong to it. It is an additional advantage that in doing this they would prevent the destruction of a class which the country can ill afford to lose. Large landowners are able to make large reductions in the rent of their farms because, when all is told, they have still an ample income left to them. But to small landowners reductions of rent may mean a reduction in the means of living, and if this process is carried beyond a certain point it will be equivalent to a

reduction in the numbers of the class itself. There must be many country gentlemen who, by the time that they have paid the annuities charged on their lands, have no longer money enough to educate their children and to go on living on their estate. If they bring up their children differently from the way in which they were themselves brought up, the character of the class to which they belong will be gradually but effectually changed. If they shut up their houses and go and live abroad, or in the neighbourhood of great schools, they will be divorced from the land and sink into the position—a miserable one for all concerned—of pauperized absentees.

Mr. GLADSTONE had a better answer to the particular resolution moved by Mr. PAGET than might be supposed from the smallness of the majority by which the previous question was carried. It is perfectly true that no large change, whether in the amount of local as compared with Imperial burdens, or in the extent to which they are charged on real as compared with personal property, can be made except in connexion with the finance of the year. It is equally true that a Government which has pledged itself to deal with this question should be allowed to introduce its plan "as a whole, and unfettered by abstract resolutions to which no person can assign a definite, clear, or positive meaning." Mr. PAGET may congratulate himself, however, that his resolution has at all events drawn forth from the PRIME MINISTER an unmistakable re-statement of the determination of the Government to deal with the subject of local taxation during the present Session.

#### THE MANUFACTURE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT has done a useful, as well as interesting, work in drawing attention to the new development which the Caucus system has recently undergone. In their infancy the Liberal Associations in the several constituencies were supposed to exist for the purpose of introducing candidates to voters, and securing votes for candidates. If they had remained merely isolated bodies, they might have gone on doing this and nothing more. But with their co-ordination into a National Liberal Federation, they became capable of higher things. They became a "machine" in that exalted sense with which the history of the Republican party in the United States has made an envious Europe so familiar. Their labours are not confined to the period when an election is in prospect, nor does their connexion with a candidate end when from a candidate he has become a member. His Parliamentary performances are subjected to as rigid a scrutiny as was originally bestowed upon his political antecedents, and the slightest symptoms of swerving from the straight path are carefully noted for his own and his constituents' benefit. The object of the Federation is to make it appear upon all important occasions that the Liberal party throughout the country is absolutely of one mind. Before the party was organized, or, in plainer language, before the machine was set going, the only way in which this could be done was by calling public meetings all over the country. This system, however, had two serious drawbacks. If the party was languid, the meetings were ill-attended or unenthusiastic; if the party was divided, it was always possible that the voting at a meeting might go the wrong way. The first defect might sometimes be got over by judicious reporting; but the second might be placed beyond disguise by the success of an amendment or the rejection of a motion. Since the National Liberal Federation has been in being, both these risks are avoided. The local associations get the signal from the Centre, and assurances of support are at once forthcoming, which, for any appreciation which they display of the point at issue, might as well be sent up in blank. At present this Federation is well under the control of the Government, because the politician to whose ingenuity and determination it mainly owes its existence is himself a member of the Cabinet. In Mr. HERBERT's words, "Just as Professor HUGHES's admirable invention of the microphone turns the tread of a fly into the distant trampling of an elephant, so Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sentences come back to Westminster deepened in tone by the imitated thunder of an aroused people." So long as the machine is worked at the bidding of the Government of the day, it is easy to over-



look its immense capacities for mischief. Its strength is confounded with that of the party which has placed the Government in power. Under other circumstances, however, it might easily happen that the Federation, instead of taking its orders from the Government, might seek to impose its will upon the Government. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for example, happened to be left out in any future reconstruction of the Liberal Cabinet, or if, while in the Cabinet, he found himself unable to carry the majority of his colleagues with him; orders would at once be given by the Association to all its branches to let the Government see that the people were not to be trifled with. It is only necessary that this change should be made, and submitted to, to place the country under a rule which is indistinguishable from that exercised by the Paris Clubs in the first French Revolution. The National Liberal Federation is learning to play the same part as that taken ninety years ago by the Jacobins. If it has as yet gone but a little way with its lesson, it may claim the forbearance which is invariably accorded to beginners.

There is another point, not mentioned by Mr. HERBERT, which suggests a very similar moral. An evening contemporary has lately given London readers a useful conspectus of newspaper opinion in the great towns. Upon the two questions which have been most prominently brought before the public since the beginning of the Session the unanimity of these journals is wonderful. It is possible, of course, that extracts may only be given from those that the authority which strings them together conceives, on the whole, to make for righteousness. But most of the Liberal papers of which the names are known in London seem to be included in the list, and they are all for suppressing debate and for admitting Mr. BRADLAUGH. As regards the suppression of debate there is as yet very little to show that they do not fairly represent the Liberal opinion of the towns in which they appear. But, as regards the admission of Mr. BRADLAUGH, there is considerable reason to think that they do nothing of the kind. Upon this question there has been a very large secession from the side of the Government; and without in the least impugning the perfect independence of members of Parliament, it may safely be said that this secession is in part prompted by the knowledge that, upon this point at all events, a certain number of the seceding members' constituents are not at all anxious to see Mr. BRADLAUGH in the House of Commons. Here, therefore, we are met by an apparent inconsistency. The Liberal majority is broken up on this particular question because a certain percentage of Liberal members are too much in awe of their constituents to vote against what they believe to be their wishes; and yet their wishes, if the Liberal newspapers in these very constituencies are a fair exponent of them, are strongly enlisted in Mr. BRADLAUGH's favour. Why is it that upon this question, but apparently upon no other, these Liberal members refuse to take the opinion of the Liberal newspapers for the voice of the Liberal party? The only reason that we can assign is that the theological passion—which is the passion excited in this particular case—is stronger than the Federation, and leads electors to convey their views to their representatives without waiting for the cue to be given them by the local associations. In other cases Liberal opinion is sluggish, and consequently content to find expression through the local newspapers, which are more or less under the influence of the machine.

It may be well, however, to suggest to those Liberal members who accept the orders of the National Liberal Federation as conclusive evidence upon all points—or, at all events, upon all points but one—of the mind of the Liberal electors, that at some future general election they may find out too late that they have been mistaken. The manufacture of public opinion is at present a new process, and there has not yet been time to ascertain how far the product is genuine wool or only shoddy. Or, to use a more appropriate metaphor, when the screw comes to be applied at the last decisive moment, it may prove to be made of cast-iron, and to have all the brittleness which naturally belongs to that especial form of the metal. It must always be remembered that England, unlike America, has a really secret Ballot, and that this single difference may make the working of the machine in the two countries entirely different. It is at least possible that the jealousy and irritation to which the working of the Liberal Association is very well calculated to give rise may find

unexpected expression when those who are animated by these feelings are able under the protection of the Ballot to neutralize all that the Association has done. It is strongly suspected that the unanimity of the Nonconformist vote has been greatly impaired by a system of voting which enables individual Dissenters to vote against their minister and deacons without proclaiming their crime upon the housetop, and on more than one occasion a working-man has been chosen as a candidate by many more votes than were afterwards given to him at the election. A voter who is at all inclined to resent the dictation either of the local Liberal Association or of the National Liberal Federation, may like no quality in a candidate so well as proved indifference to the bidding of those who drive the machine. For a member of Parliament to vote according to his conscience in the hope of catching independent support at the next election is not a very exalted act; but at all events it is better than voting against his conscience in the hope of securing the support of the National Liberal Federation.

#### CARNIVAL KEEPING.

WHILE year by year the Carnival at Rome is becoming more and more of a "survival," and less of a show, the Carnival at Nice is, with each returning season, becoming a more serious part of the year's programme of entertainments got up for the benefit of the colony of strangers. What the fêtes gain in brilliancy they lose in spontaneity and freshness. At Nice it is pretty well known what pageants may be expected before the time comes round for their exhibition. For ten days Nice becomes the central point of attraction on the Riviera. The hotels reap a rich harvest, and charge fancy prices for the rooms and entertainment which the pleasure-seekers are determined to have at any cost. To Rome, too, many strangers come for the Carnival, attracted by the traditions of its glories. These glories have, however, been very much over-rated, and it is curious to watch how the expectations of visitors are disappointed, as day by day they repair to the vantage-point of the loggia on the Corso, which they have procured by dint of lavish expenditure of bad Italian and good money. Old ladies and gentlemen who have come to Rome because, as they openly confess, they have never seen a carnival, confide to sympathetic neighbours at the table-d'hôte that they wish now they had been content to end their days without seeing it. They find sitting in a balcony conducive to nothing save rheumatism, and think the practice of pelting respectable persons with those plaster pellets falsely called "confetti" ought to be put down by the police, quite as much as Jew-baiting or any other form of popular violence. But in Rome the Carnival is the festival still of the Roman people. It is their thorough enjoyment of the holiday that is the only feature of the farce which makes it worthy of a stranger's notice. The whole Roman populace turning out till every available standing point in the Piazza del Popolo and all along the long line of the Corso is alive with human beings, to see a few scared horses canter along the street, shows that the spirit which drew crowds to fill the vast space of the Flavian amphitheatre has survived all changes of religion and of race, and still animates the mongrel multitude who pride themselves on bearing the name of Roman.

In Nice the feeling is very different. The whole thing has the air of being a spectacle got up for the strangers. Ten days before Ash Wednesday the Carnival arrives by sea, like Barbarossa or any of the other famed corsairs whose names the coast had such good cause to fear. Like them he takes possession of the town. The Carnival Committee go out to meet him, and the torch-lit procession of boats which welcomes and escorts this popular stranger to the strand is one of the prettiest shows of the whole ten days' merry-making. In addition to the time-honoured "veglione," "bataille des fleurs," and "corso di gala," Nice has this year added to the Carnival programme races, in which foot races and bicycle races found a place, and a "vente de charité" in the Square Massena. The much-vaunted "bataille des fleurs" is a poor affair, coming as it does at the dead season for flowers, and its successor at the Mi-carême is generally much better worth seeing. The frequenters of the "veglioni" have a tendency to save themselves trouble by dancing in plain clothes or hideous dominoes, which very much mars the effect of these fantastic performances. And this year, except the masquers of the Corso, so few dresses worth noting presented themselves that only one of the prizes offered for fancy quadrilles was awarded.

The "corso di gala," however, is the part of the Nice Carnival best worth seeing. It takes place on three days—Thursday, Saturday, and Shrove Tuesday—in the old part of the town, the masquers passing along the Rue St. François de Paul from the "Préfecture," in front of which is the "tribune," or grand stand, of the Carnival Committee. The street is beautifully decorated for the occasion. Flagstuffs are placed at intervals along either side, surmounted with oriflammes, and bearing escutcheons with the arms of Nice and the neighbouring towns along the coast. Between the masts hang garlands of foliage, and the whole street is vaulted with fluttering bunting, in which the flags of all nations find a place. None but decorated carriages are admitted on the Corso after two o'clock, when the fête begins. But a small

amount of decoration goes a long way, and symbolism is largely indulged in. A few bunches of green stuff tied on before and behind, just in the most uncomfortable places for the occupants of the vehicle, are supposed to put one of the well-worn "voitures de place" into sufficient full dress for the occasion. The next step in the scale of gala costume is a coloured calico head-piece for the horse, or a fantastic high-crowned hat for the driver. These symbols of festivity are made an excuse for extracting vast sums from the pockets of the unwary, for of course at carnival time all tariffs and fixed charges are in abeyance. The Nîcois are aware that the Carnival is their own especial sun, and are fully alive to the duty of making hay while that sun shines. A brisk trade in dominoes, wire masks, the letting of windows and the hire of chairs, is being done on all hands. Every one is laying in a provision of confetti and shovels, the weapon by means of which that very stinging small shot is projected against the foe. By two o'clock, when the hostilities begin, every one puts on his armour, and the whole population turn into men with iron masks—a very necessary precaution, as the most peaceable are not exempt from perpetual peppering. By the time one's head has been encased in a helmet of strong wire netting for a few hours, one has a much more lively sympathy for the sufferings of the famous prisoner of iron mask celebrity. By two o'clock all window stands and chairs along the line of the Corso are well filled; the brass bands, which are to relieve one another in braying, so that the music may never cease, are in their places on the "place" in front of the Préfecture; the foot-soldiers and occasional dragoons are placed at intervals along the line, and the fun begins. Car after car, of enormous proportions, is seen looming in the distance, drawn by teams of prancing horses. Between them come cavalcades of grotesque horsemen, mounted some on horses, some on asses, as the case may be. Processions on foot are relieved at intervals by single masks, in costumes more or less wittily imagined and skilfully executed. The whole street is a blaze of brilliant colour, glowing in the intensest sunshine. The whole air is vibrating with noise, for every car is furnished with a band, in addition to those that are hooting joyously upon the "place"; and every mask thinks it incumbent on him to make a noise deemed appropriate to his costume.

The Place de la Préfecture is the centre of action, for there sit the Committee who are to decide the award of the prizes that give zest to the performance. Opposite the tribune, therefore, each car, as it passes, makes a halt, and exhibits the mechanical contrivance, whatever it may be, that forms its special boast. Perhaps it opens in the middle, and devils jump out, or giant figures arise from unexpected corners, and shovel out a very hail-storm of confetti on the crowd below, with a few bouquets and bonbonnières to the ladies on the tribune. Here, too, the foot-maskers begin to dance and tumble. On they come, maskers of all sorts—maskers laden with heavy fantastic clothing, and maskers with almost no clothing at all. Would-be negro acrobats jumping through hoops, trains of girl reapers attired à la ballet, with frill skirts and coquettish little straw-hats, but with handfuls of corn and poppies and sickles in their hands to symbolize their calling; punchinello in the gayest stripes twisting in and out through the intricate figures of some mazy dance, tossing ceaselessly aloft a shower of glistening balls and baubles that keep circling like giant fireflies above their heads. No sooner have they passed on than a regiment of frogs returning victorious from their war against the lizards takes their place, dragging in triumph their prince, a magnificent green frog reposing luxuriously upon a rock. A troop of quaintly attired figures, each armed with a gigantic silver fork, next appears on the scene. These are intended for "oyster-eaters," but it looks more as if, on this occasion, their victims had swallowed them, for each one is enclosed in an enormous double oyster-shell from which head and legs only are seen protruding. Long trains of mounted grasshoppers, of boatmen in fancy dresses, of pirouetting ballet-girls with bouquets for heads, representing the flowers of Nice; the "marchands de joujou," queerly dressed figures with all sorts of playthings dangling from their hats, and bobbing up and down in time to the capers they are cutting; magic cabbages that unfold and disclose dancing figures, all pass in dazzling succession before the bewildered on-lookers. The street cries of Paris, a long train of itinerant vendors of all sorts lustily bawling out their wares at the top of their voices, are greeted with much applause. All the newspapers of Paris, in costumes symbolizing the tone of the several papers, form another striking procession. Conspicuous among them are *Old Father Time*, bearing *Le Temps*, *La Vie Parisienne*, as a very modish young lady, and the *Journal Amusant*, in a dress as décolletée as the jokes of the journal. After these very mundane figures, dazzling in brightness, comes the solar system—the sun, the moon, and all the planets—their long yellow trains carried by attendant negro pages, and with sable-clad astronomers in severe puritan costume hovering round them, eagerly watching their every motion through enormously long telescopes.

Amid all these bands, mounted or on foot, isolated masks are passing to and fro, sometimes winning the plaudits of the crowd from the sumptuousness of their garb, the dexterity of their movements, or the satire embodied in the characters they personate. Swallows and cockchafers pirouette among the crowd. A very well got up "Old Father Time" attempts to stand on his horse, instead of riding it the usual way—a trick which, old as he is, he is not yet up to, for he keeps disappearing every now and then, and has to be picked up and propped up again by an

attendant satellite. A gorgeous "bouillabaisse" "bids the gazer wipe his eye," so resplendent is he with langoustes, crabs, red mullet, and all the other scaly ingredients of that forbidding yet popular mess. But of all the single figures, a newspaper reporter, with raiment covered with eyes, whose head-dress is adorned with peacock's feathers, is the most telling. He is running to and fro at the wild will of a mechanical "canard" which he leads, or rather which leads him, in a string as a dog leads a blind man, and its meaningless gyrations lead him a desperate dance, supposed to be typical of the eagerness with which the gentlemen of the press pursue the most Will-o'-Wispish rumours. But the great feature of the show is the cars. The prizes offered for the best of these run as high as six thousand francs. This year there are two or three very good ones. The Carnival, an enormous figure several metres high, arrayed in a splendid Triboulet dress of red and yellow, leads the van. The next car that comes looming up the street bears another gigantic figure—a woman this time. This is intended to tell the story of *Mère Michel* and her cat, a sort of French Mother Hubbard. A colossal cat, with its back and tail arched in the angriest of attitudes, appears on the front of the car. A dilapidated public-house, the "*Mars and Venus*," in the garden of which a bevy of "conscripts" are carousing; a motley band of musicians dubbed the "*Eccentric Musical Club*," are among the new designs of this season's production. Among the greatest novelties, however, the car of the "*Tableaux Vivants*" must be noted. It bears two gigantic pictures, "old masters" evidently, in massive frames, standing back to back, representing performers on various instruments. Behind the painted forms live figures are hidden, whose faces and hands come through the canvas, and twang busily at the fiddles they are depicted as holding. The canvas rolls up and changes three times in the course of the procession. But the glory of the cars, and indeed of the whole Carnival, is Alphonse Karr's demonstration. On a pile of colossal gold-edged, gold-lettered books, bearing the titles of his best-known works, rises an inkstand of infinite capacity, supporting a pen long as Goliath's spear, its silver plume sparkling in the sunlight as brightly as the sparks of wit and satire which its brilliant wielder can conjure from its point. Figures in full wasp suits of brown velvet and yellow satin swarm all over the car, and pepper all and sundry with confetti out of the inkstand as unmercifully as the old satirist's "guêpes" have stung the follies and failings of all circles, political and social. Six stalwart greys draw the huge erection, and they and their riders have the badge, the "wasp," plentifully sprinkled on their liveries and trappings.

It is astonishing how much good order and good humour prevails through all the noise and tumult. Now and then an over-zealous policeman rescues an ambulating chest of drawers or some other unwieldy mask from a critical position, or requests a small boy to "circuler" from some coveted gazing-point which he has managed to secure. Or, it may be, a too nervous dragoon's horse, with no sense of humour, trembles at some of the strange apparitions it is expected to confront, and shows a strong disposition to back on to the occupants of the first row of chairs; but harmony prevails under the most trying circumstances. No one loses temper at being smitten between the joints of his harness, so to speak, with a shower of missiles as stinging as peas. Here and there a timid Englishman loses half the show he has come to see by spending most of his time gazing steadily into his umbrella, which he has erected as a buckler to shield him from the all-pervading clouds of confetti. As the day wears on the strangers gradually thin out of the crowd and exchange this gay scene, with all its bustling, boisterous mirth and noisy pageantry, breathing the very spirit of the middle ages, for the very commonplace atmosphere of a table-d'hôte, where the last piece of Riviera gossip is quickly swelling into scandal.

#### INSTANS TYRANNUS.

THERE is no point in the much-debated character of Mr. Bradlaugh more commendable than his faculty of gratitude. It is true that the mercies which he has received from his friend the Premier are but small mercies. A furtive attempt or two to leave a back door open, a faint effort to hand a few broken victuals out of a scullery window, these are metaphors which might not inappropriately express Mr. Gladstone's exertions in favour of his faithful follower. Nevertheless, Mr. Bradlaugh unquestionably did the Prime Minister a service on Tuesday by his eccentric conduct. He diverted attention from certain recent proceedings of Mr. Gladstone's at a moment when such diversion was, we must not, we suppose, say a godsend in connexion with Mr. Bradlaugh, but certainly an unexpected boon. There has been no more pleasing study for many days than the attitude of the Premier's obedient henchmen in the press towards his extraordinary attempt to browbeat the House of Lords. The Radical organs had been in full cry, as tunably matched as Theseus's own dogs, after the clôtüre. The chorus in reference to this new evidence of Mr. Gladstone's fancy for gagging was on Tuesday morning changed suddenly into a most quaint counter-gamut of discord. Not merely in the one or two organs which Radicalism possesses in the effete, brainless, and corrupt London press, but in what it is now usual to call the vigorous Liberalism of the provinces, doubt and suspicion appeared. One Radical organ protested feebly against imputations of arbitrary conduct to Mr.



Gladstone, the mildest-mannered man that ever gagged two Houses. Another trembled lest his course might exasperate the Peers, and next day actually spoke with common politeness of Lord Salisbury. A third contented itself with wails about Mr. Marriott and the "cultured feelings" of Parliament. Even provincial papers which are as true to the member for Midlothian as the most familiar of familiar animals discover indecision in their utterance. The general attitude of the Radical press was that of waiting to hear what other people said. It may have recalled to some people a delightful sentence of one of the most perfect prose writers of the century:—"Nous savions bien que nous étions tous des coquins; l'important était de savoir si nous étions de la même bande." But yesterday they had been sweetly confident of this, thanks to the National Liberal Federation. The new claim on their allegiance destroyed the charming unanimity. For it is a peculiarity of the caucus system that it not only ensures decision when the central oracle has pronounced, but that it effectually prevents the expression of opinion until that oracle has pronounced. The "political jemmy" (if we may commit such an outrage on the cultured feelings of the *Echo* as to quote from Mr. Marriott, with a slight alteration) might be applied to the wrong window, and what then? So there was disarray in the camp and trembling in the knees of the warriors when Mr. Bradlaugh boldly made his diversion. This meant time to let Mr. Chamberlain work the hectograph—time to pass the word, "O all ye creeping things that are about the printing presses, praise Mr. Gladstone"—time to rally, in short.

It must be granted that time was needed. With the exception of those who would oppose a proposition in Euclid if it happened to be approved by a vote of the House of Lords, it is probable that Liberals and Conservatives alike were taken aback by Mr. Gladstone's unseemly petulance and his unwise confession that the results of his legislation would not bear inquiry. Whether the insistence on inquiry at this particular time was wholly wise is of course quite another question. The possible unwisdom of the Lords was nearly obliterated by the greater unwisdom of the Government, as shown in Lord Granville's statement that he and his colleagues "wouldn't play," but would sulk. It disappeared out of sight altogether behind the enormous impropriety of Mr. Gladstone's declaration of a tyranny. For that, however Brother Bragge and Brother Hiley may shout "No! No!" when it is mentioned, is what Mr. Gladstone's proceeding comes to, especially when it is remembered how closely it follows on his gagging resolutions. "The printer," says Dryden somewhere, quaintly, "was a naughty man to make the same mistake twice in six lines"; and Fate was surely a naughty goddess to make Mr. Gladstone show his hand twice within not more than as many minutes. Sir Walter Bartelot's vigorous, if unconventional, description of the situation as being that "Parliament was collared all round" (the *Times*, with its customary felicity, altered it to "collared and bound"), must have been the spontaneous reflection of nineteen out of twenty persons, whatever their politics, who opened their newspapers on Tuesday morning. It is worth mentioning, too—for it is likely to have escaped notice—that on Tuesday night a smaller, but equally curious, instance of the Prime Minister's temper occurred. No doubt Mr. Gladstone was very angry about the Bradlaugh business, not recognizing the benefits of Providence and Mr. Labouchère's colleague. He is reported to have spoken in so low a tone as to be scarcely audible, which is as certain an evidence of mental disturbance with Mr. Gladstone as shouting and gesticulating are with some other people. But the sedative of several hours' discussion on Mr. Clarke's proposal and on local taxation might surely have calmed him down. Not so. "Sea was his wrath, yet working after storm," and the last words he spoke showed it. He construed a suggestion before the House as in some way or other an insult to the Government, and "he should be curious to observe by whom the attempt was supported." This is one of those extraordinary threats to the House of Commons of which, as far as something like a century of history is concerned, Mr. Gladstone has among Prime Ministers had the patent. His exploits, then, during thirty-six hours may be summed up as these. He brings in a set of resolutions, the sole, and indeed the avowed effect of which is to make it absolutely impossible for any number of members of the House of Commons, while he possesses a majority of one single vote, to prevent his carrying whatever legislation he pleases. He threatens and does his best to obstruct the House of Lords in a proceeding which even his extremest partisans admit to be fully within their right, and to be one which, if the Government think fit to do so, they can render harmless by disregarding it entirely. He not indistinctly threatens members of the House of Commons itself if they vote for a particular proposition which he regards as impertinent to his Government. These things being the case—and every one of them is undeniable, and not denied—who can blame any one for saying of Mr. Gladstone—*épître raparvénos*? However, there is nothing like being fair, and the fæstle mind can devise some excuses for Mr. Gladstone. What, for instance, is more probable or more suitable to his previous conduct than that, feeling a little dubious as to the allegiance even of his faithful followers in the *clôture* business, he should think of reviving their spirits by the familiar cry that the House of Lords is presuming on its privileges? With Mr. Gladstone and some of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues the House of Lords is like the Jews in the middle ages or in Russia to-day. A famine, a pestilence, any inconvenience was always paid off on the Jews. A check, a chill of any sort, no sooner happens to Mr. Gladstone than he has recourse to

his usual whipping-boy. Whether this consideration was not present to the minds of the Conservative leaders last week, and may not account for their somewhat lukewarm support of Lord Donoughmore, is a question, but it does not affect Mr. Gladstone's conduct. It may be urged that it is exceedingly probable that his apparent tyranny is only of a piece with his apparent conversion to Home Rule. The appropriate bait is distributed to different parts of his motley host. The Liberal Home Ruler had his sop a fortnight ago; the English Radical this week receives the *solitum flammam* of an instigation to attack his natural enemies the House of Lords, in order that he may furnish Mr. Gladstone with armour against the Tories. It is true that this wears the appearance of a somewhat discreditable dodge; but we have recently taken great pains to show how deceptive such appearances are in Mr. Gladstone's case. The ends being always good, the means must needs be always legitimate. What could be more dreadful than the formation of another cave, and the consequent dissolution of the most God-granted of all Governments? Forbid it, Heaven! and, in order that it may be forbidden, let the dogs be rallied and cheered on to attack the House of Lords. This is, of course, a possible explanation of Mr. Gladstone's conduct; and the absolute equity which we are anxious to maintain inclines us to give it full weight.

Nevertheless, it must be allowed that the devil's advocate has a strong case. He might, if he pleased, spend a little time in pointing out that one of the most remarkable characteristics of arbitrary governors is their fancy for breaking down and villifying the *morale* of their adherents and tools. Certainly, at the present moment, Mr. Gladstone's followers in the Commons and his colleagues in the Lords present a sorry enough sight. The former, acknowledging their intense dislike to the *clôture*, content themselves for the most part with whining that, if they went against it, they might as well resign. The latter, not for the first time, make themselves the instruments and messengers of an insult to their own order. The member of the House of Commons who blushing or unblushingly admits that he is going to sell his soul for the support of one of Mr. Chamberlain's gangs of wire-pullers, and the member of the House of Lords who announces that the Government he belongs to dare not face inquiry into their delegates' acts, and therefore will throw what is at least a gross slur on the House to which he himself belongs, make a very pretty couple. With such agents a man of enterprise may go far. The days of satire are past, unfortunately, and the worthy pair, each of whom stands for a goodly number of persons, will probably miss the immortality they deserve. But certainly, if any poet ever had a fair opportunity for dealing with what La Bruyère calls "les grands sujets," here it is. The liberties of a thousand years on the point of being destroyed to satisfy the cravings of party passion and lust of power; members of Parliament shivering on the brink of something like perjury, and making up their minds to take the plunge rather than that Mr. Chamberlain should telegraph a black mark against their names to local caucuses; shoals of obedient electors voting *oui*, like their prototypes a dozen years ago in another place, under the direction of the said caucuses; peers acquiescing in an arbitrary attempt to curtail the privileges of the peerage; Englishmen acquiescing in a clumsy bid to catch the votes of Irish separatists; Ministers of the Crown playing chuck-farthing with the integrity of the Empire—these are only a few of the striking figures which would have to be presented in a "Triumph of Mr. Gladstone." But where shall we get a painter to draw the procession, and a poet to write the legend? The shades of Hogarth and Mantegna would have to club their forces to do the one, and Dryden, doubled with Victor Hugo, would be not more than equal to the other.

#### SOME FRENCH SQUABBLES.

IN spite of the safety-valve which duelling gives them, French artists and men of letters seem to squabble even more than people of the same irritable sort at home. Paris is all alive at present with artistic bickerings. Just as the noble Jumbo throws even Mr. Bradlaugh into the shade, so the edifying row between M. Dumas, M. Jacquet, and M. Lipmann is of more consequence than the vapourings in which General Skobelev lets off his Pan-slavonic steam. It is not easy to get to the bottom of the quarrel between M. Jacquet and M. Dumas. One can hardly help feeling as if all parties, including M. Lipmann, who bravely ran his cane through M. Jacquet's picture, were mainly anxious to be talked about. It was Mr. Lenville, if we are not mistaken, who thought of pinking Nicholas Nickleby on the stage with a foil without a button. He calculated that he would both gratify his enmity and get talked about as the actor who had the misfortune to wound a man. M. Jacquet and M. Lipmann, without wounding anybody, or imperilling the safety of their own forearms (the deadly places at which a French duellist aims), have managed to assuage their noble thirst for vengeance and to get sufficiently advertised. The beginning of the disturbance was M. Dumas's purchase of a picture in water-colour by M. Jacquet. M. Dumas has a considerable reputation for taste in works of art. He writes his moral plays, or he used to write them, at a desk beneath a copy of the famous, beautiful, and enigmatic wax bust of the Lille Museum. For M. Jacquet's drawing M. Dumas paid, it is said, 600*l.*, which seems a very nice price. But he is said to have sold it again for an even

larger sum. This annoyed M. Jacquet; though why he was annoyed we can only conjecture. It is not as if M. Dumas had basely sold a present, as it is said that a Frenchman once sold the MS. of a play of M. Sardou's which he had received from the author as an autograph. It was not even as if M. Jacquet had written a book, and presented it, with a glowing dedication in his own hand, to M. Dumas, and had afterwards found it, with the pages unopened, in the fourpenny box at a bookstall. Not very long ago the library of an eminent conchologist of our own land was sold during his lifetime. The catalogue was irritating to conchologists and entomologists, who saw entries like this:—"Smith's 'British Beetles,' presentation copy, leaves unopened, eight lines of poetic dedication from the author, *1s. 4d.*" M. Jacquet had not been put to such humiliation as this, in which the self-love of the author of "British Beetles" was so cruelly trodden upon in so many places. Probably the price of the picture M. Dumas sold had "gone up" while in that author's possession. Possibly M. Jacquet's reputation (of which, we own, we never heard before) had mounted in a ratio of thousands of francs. In any case, M. Jacquet looked about him for revenge.

The vengeance of artists usually takes the form of caricature. Not many years have passed since a well-known master of "arrangements" painted a wonderful grotesque, all scales, claws, and peacock's eyes, in ridicule of a former purchaser of his performances. M. Jacquet went and did likewise. Gossip says that he had also to avenge a young lady whom M. Dumas had chaffed about her recent purchase of one of the most pleasing features that charm in the smile of beauty. If all that is told of M. Dumas is true, he must be a most dangerous acquaintance. M. Daudet admits that he bores all the world with talking about his own novels. M. Dumas is said to have the much more disagreeable trick of trying epigrams and repartees on ladies whom he meets in society. This is scarcely a credible trait in any one but the hero of *Happy Thoughts*. It will be remembered that this social philosopher tried calling out to a railway-porter "You're a fool," just as the train seemed to be leaving the station. He wanted to find out what repartee would flash, like a sword, from the lips of the porter. But the train was not really starting, and the results of the experiment were disastrous. According to the story, M. Jacquet has acted the part of the angry railway-porter, and has avenged art and loveliness on sordidness and satire in the person of M. Dumas. M. Jacquet painted a caricature of M. Dumas as "The Jewish Merchant of Bagdad." He represented him, as another artist lately represented a journalist, sitting among pictures and *bric-à-brac* which were supposed to have been procured in various disagreeable ways. M. Dumas is no longer a young man, but his son-in-law, M. Lipmann, took up the feud for him. M. Lipmann drew his cane and ran the picture through in three places. Why he and M. Jacquet do not next go down and tilt at each other for an hour and a half with swords, till one of them is scratched to the effusion of blood, is a question which we cannot answer. There appears to be a want of chivalry somewhere. The quarrel, as it stands, is a very pretty one, and M. Jacquet's fame as an artist has reached myriads of people who never heard of him before. This cannot but be of service to him in his career, though we rather fail to see what M. Lipmann has taken by his action. Notoriety cannot be essential to him, as it is to an artist.

The Dumas-Jacquet row is much more noisy than that which can be detected in various recent plays, novels, and articles. First M. Pailleron ridicules a famous literary *salon* in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. He introduces a new Vadius, a new philosopher, popular with the fair, in the person of Bellac. It seems that very great popularity with women does not endear a man to his brethren. Every one recognized Bellac, and laughed at that metaphysician with his careful distinction between the "I" and the "not I," and his fondness for discoursing of "love in the abstract," with concrete illustrations. Then when M. Pailleron had made what mirth he could out of the topic, came M. de Goncourt with his novel *Le Faustin*, and the pure philosopher of love, a morbidly pure young man, was caricatured afresh. As the philosopher writes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that lordly periodical threw its shield over him, after the manner of the greater Ajax defending his little kinsmen. M. Brunetière was sent forth to prove to all men that M. de Goncourt was not really a "naturalist," that he writes bad French, and that his novel is not a work of genius—all which things we can readily believe. But the philosopher of love in the abstract has not thought fit to advertise himself by rushing into the heady fight. If he had been a man of war from his youth up, like M. Lipmann, he might have thrown oranges, or old pipe bowls, or whatever other missile chance suggested or fury supplied, at the Bellac of the stage. Or he might have gone and broken the windows of the house about which M. de Goncourt has written two volumes. But the original of Bellac has done none of these things. Philosophy has behaved better and more discreetly than art, or than the fiery Hebrew with the walking-stick, the weapon, in our period, of his race. While these battles go on M. Zola and M. Duverdy have out their fight in the law courts. That, too, is a clever advertisement for the best advertised of men, the author of *Nana*. People say what a very nasty book this nasty book must be; and, therefore, no doubt, they will read it.

In England the public does not care much about the squabbles of artists and authors, unless the theatre is well mixed up with the affair. Were it not so, how artists and authors would rejoice in battle! "It is their nature to," and the gratuitous notoriety would be delicious. But now they do these things in modera-

tion. An *Edinburgh Reviewer* tells a learned professor that he is an exploded humbug, and the learned professor expresses in more courtly terms his very natural surprise and indignation. Novelists, of course, put their foes into their novels; but the public does not know, and does not care. We doubt whether it would pay much attention even if two journalists fought a duel. The public would think the whole affair what the Americans call "a put-up thing." Our people like political rows, personal quarrels in Parliament, discussions about oaths, and Revised Versions. The demand takes that form, and is freely supplied. There is no market for literary quarrels. This is fortunate for literary persons, who have fewer temptations to fight than their French brethren and much less to get by a quarrel. Still, the "mere noise and movement of the fray," even when there is no ring and no gallery, often persuade English men of letters to bite their thumbs at each other, to cut each other, to caricature each other in novels and plays, if not actually on the walls of the Water-Colour Societies. If the public would only form a ring now and then, what battles there would be worthy of the old slogging days of Macaulay, Croker, and Wilson! But, as his editor told Captain Shandon, "the public does not care for it." Literature and art, therefore, feel obliged to keep the peace. At the most, our literary men of war in England only succeed in securing a decoration, in the shape of a farthing awarded as damages. Or their performances are chanted in ignoble lays, as when a poet was described as cruising "in his yacht, the *Skunk*, Captain Sneak." This kind of polemic wants finish and novelty. Perhaps next May some one will go with his umbrella and attack a symphony or an arrangement at the Grosvenor Gallery.

#### THE JUBILEE OF THE RECORD.

FOR more than a fortnight past a notice has appeared in prominent type and position in each successive number of the *Record*, to the effect that "the Proprietors desire to make it known that from an early date in April the *Record* will be published as a weekly paper, price 4d., with such modifications in respect of shape and size as the above change will render advisable." In ordinary cases an announcement of this sort would have little interest except for the proprietors and purchasers of the journal concerned. Nor do we propose now to discuss how far the commercial interests of the *Record* will be affected by the change. For a paper which has hitherto appeared three times a week at a cost of 2½d. for every number to confine itself to a single weekly issue at the price of 4d., seems at first sight to involve a heavy sacrifice, and looks like a confession of failure. At the same time there are obvious reasons why a weekly organ, standing to the Evangelical party in much the same relation as the *Guardian* stands to their rivals, may be better suited to the exigencies of controversial journalism, and likely to command a wider circulation. That however is a question more interesting to the supporters of the *Record* than to the public. But apart from such considerations the change itself may be said to mark an epoch in the life of what has for more than fifty years been the leading Evangelical organ in this country. And it is not unnatural that its conductors should have seized the opportunity for taking stock, so to say, of their antecedents and their future prospects. This is accordingly done in an elaborate article which professes to give a sort of bird's-eye view of the history of the *Record* and the party it represents, since the appearance of the first number on New Year's Day 1828, which however is at least as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains. It need hardly be said—and of course the writer does not say it—that, when the *Record* came into being, the Evangelical party, as a moral and spiritual force, was already in its decline. Its four great founders, Newton, Scott, Milner, and Venn, were in their graves, and, to use the words of a friendly and appreciative chronicler of its past glories, "the symbol was adopted by many who were strangers to the spirit of the original institution, by many an indolent, trivial, or luxurious aspirant to its advantages, both temporal and spiritual." Its earliest serial marked "the efflorescence of decay." And already, as the same writer goes on to observe, the day of reaction was at hand. Five years after the birth of the Evangelical organ Mr. Keble, in his famous Assize Sermon at Oxford on "National Apostasy," struck the keynote of the Tractarian movement. And thenceforth it became a chief aim of the Evangelical school—which could not fail materially and growingly to modify their entire tone and attitude of mind—"to throw up along the whole field of controversy entrenchments for their own defence, and batteries for the annoyance of their assailants." For many years they had been the victims of ridicule and persecution; they had learnt by experience "to suffer and be strong." Henceforth they were to exhibit to the world how well they had mastered the lesson which such discipline too often teaches, but which one is willing to believe that their great leaders would never have approved, and the persecuted in their turn became persecutors. The spiritual weapons they had once wielded with such happy effect against the "high and dry" respectabilities of a worldly and half-unbelieving age were passing into other hands, and it is always a sore temptation under such circumstances to prop a falling cause by "the arm of flesh." Of all this however the spokesman of the *Record* naturally tells us nothing. His account of the state of things in Church and State, when the paper first saw the light, is accurate enough as far as it goes:—



On New Year's-day, 1828, when our first number was issued, George IV. was King, Lord Goderich was Prime Minister, the political names which filled our columns were the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Mr. Peel, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Huskisson, Lord Althorp, Lord Carlisle, and Lord Lyndhurst, while the political events which then occupied the public mind were such as the battle of Navarino and the visit of Don Miguel of Portugal to England. Catholic Emancipation and Reform were still things of the future, and most of the great changes—religious, social, and constitutional—which have since swept over the surface of English life were then not only accomplished but unimagined. The religious parties which now divide the Church of England were then so ill defined that they can scarcely be said to have existed. The only real division was between energy and stagnation, between life and death. The Evangelical clergy were a small party, not very favourably regarded by the authorities, struggling to rouse the Church from the deathlike stupor in which she had long been wrapt. Although the struggle seemed to many a hopeless one, it was undeniable that the religious life of England had received a mighty impulse; and, notwithstanding many abuses unreformed, and many counteracting influences, true vital Christianity had made real progress.

We are told that under these conditions the *Record* was started, "as a family newspaper for Christian households," and that its first leader contained the assurance—which will sound rather strange to its modern readers—that it would be "primarily and substantially a political journal." It is true that in those days penny papers were unknown, and newspapers of all kinds were comparatively rare. Still it is admitted that, if the *Record* thrived, its prosperity was not exactly in the direction "indicated by the originators," and that in fact it very soon ceased to be regarded by either proprietors or readers as a political journal. "While the idea of the 'family newspaper' has been sustained, and due prominence has been given to political events in accordance with that idea, the *Record* has been first and foremost devoted to religious matters," as the organ of "the party who profess the principles of Protestant and Evangelical truth in the Church of England." The immense increase of ordinary newspapers has, in the judgment of its proprietors, superseded any necessity for continuing "this dual character of the *Record*," while the increasing tension of theological controversy on all sides makes it the more important to preserve and develop its functions "as the champion of sound Evangelical truth." And for this purpose they consider a weekly paper the most suitable form, and hope that the reduced price will bring it within the reach of a wider circle of readers. In matters of principle there is to be no change, and "the dual character" of the paper, in this sense, as protesting at once against the opposite errors of Catholic and Agnostic misbelief, will be maintained intact:—

With regard to the future policy and principles of the *Record* it is hardly necessary to say that we shall not consciously deviate by one hair's breadth from the old lines of sound Protestant Evangelical Churchmanship upon which we have so long travelled. The dangers of the day in which we live render it more than ever necessary to adhere to clear and dogmatic statements as to the great truths of the Gospel.

But, while the affairs of the Church of England will always claim the first place in its columns, it will also take care to keep its readers properly posted in "what goes on in other Christian Churches, at home and abroad"—meaning, we presume, Protestant Churches—and this department of the paper is in future to be enlarged. In short, as we observed before, the *Record* will aspire to become for its own section of the Church of England very much what the *Guardian* has for the last thirty years been to another. Whether it will be equally successful remains to be seen. But it is fair to say that in the supply of secular news, hitherto provided on alternate days of the week, but which will under the new arrangement be discontinued or largely diminished, the paper has held its own very respectably, and indeed to outsiders this may probably have appeared its chief merit. But the faithful were of course seeking for nutriment of a different kind, and may be glad to know that they will henceforth find ampler provision for their needs.

We are not going to hazard any predictions as to the future success of the undertaking, but two grounds of hesitation occur to us, to which, for obvious reasons, the writer does not think it necessary to refer. In the first place, while we are very far from desiring to impeach the pure and unsullied Protestantism of our estimable contemporary, we cannot but suspect that a comparison between the *Record* of to-day and the numbers which appeared, say thirty or forty, or even twenty, years ago, would betray a marked and what to many must appear a beneficial change of tone. Thus, to take but one example, simply because it happens to be the first to come to hand, we find in last Monday's number an elaborate paper on "Ash Wednesday," which opens with the statement that "in the Christian life"—meaning apparently the Christian Year—"revolving seasons are a school of admonition," and, "as such, they boast ancient and hallowed date, and their pious use secures unfailing profit." And "hence our enlightened Church, so zealous for her children's good, adopts the rule" of recurring fast and festival, and "it is high wisdom devoutly to comply." And then follows a long and edifying discourse on the due observance of Lent, whereby "we are privileged to feel that this season of penitence and shame is sweetly redolent of heavenly consolation." And why not? perhaps our readers may be disposed to ask. Well, we have nothing to say against it, only we cannot help fancying that the *Record* in the days of its ardent youth was not quite so keenly alive to the duty and privilege of a devout observance of "the revolving seasons" of the Church Calendar; and we are even tempted to suspect that any reference to the subject at that time would probably have been directed to pointing out that "our enlightened

Church" had shown less than her wonted enlightenment in adopting, from the benighted use of Popish ages, "the rule" of Lenten observance. It may be replied indeed that in this respect the *Record* does but keep pace with the advance—or retrogression, as some may deem it—of the party it represents; and it is certainly quite true that a ritual may be witnessed now in churches of the true blue Evangelical standard, for which the embryo "Ritualists" of twenty years ago would have been in danger of incurring prosecution. Still it is, one may say, the very *raison d'être* of a party organ to be in extremes, and if the party and its organ have grown more moderate together, so much the worse for the organ from a controversial and commercial point of view. It will have gained at once in dulness and in decorum, and the popularity of certain "society" journals does not suggest the idea that a growth in Christian charity can be regarded in such cases as a condition of success. Moreover the *Record*, if we are not mistaken, has for the last few years had a rival in the field, which has laboured hard—aided by the distinguished services of Martin Tupper, philosopher and poet—to usurp the place it has abandoned. We cannot ourselves profess to have any very extensive or intimate acquaintance with the *Rock*, but stray numbers have occasionally found their way into our hands, and have left on our minds an impression, which the *Record* no longer creates, of mingled perplexity and amusement. We have even heard profane persons speak of taking it in instead of *Punch*, and its circulation is reported by no means to depend exclusively on the support of its own partisans. How its career is regarded by the *Record* it is not for us to surmise; but there is an old proverb about two kings of Brentford, and we greatly fear that between the *Rock* and the *Record* there is a community neither of interest nor of love. Be that as it may, we shall look with some curiosity to the results of the new experiment. A weekly newspaper offers larger scope than one published every other day for solid matter, and less for the scrappy style of composition or compilation which has hitherto been conspicuous in the *Record*. And somehow the more solid and thoughtful members of the party have shown of late years a persistent tendency to gravitate towards other systems of belief.

#### THE TRICKS OF THE "GREEKS."

PEOPLE interested in tricks at cards—by which we do not mean "amusing physical experiments," as we have seen the French phrase for conjuring tricks translated, but tricks in the worse sense of the word—may with advantage turn to "Professor Hoffmann's" translation, as he modestly calls it, of Robert-Houdin's *Les Tricheries des Grecs*, which was published not very long ago under the title of *Card-Sharpping Exposed* (Routledge). Houdin's book was first published in 1861, and two years later an English translation, since out of print, was brought out. Professor Hoffmann has done more than make a faithful translation of Robert-Houdin; he has brought down the work to the present date by means of consulting various subsequent works, chief amongst which are M. Cavaille's *Filouteries du Jeu*, and M. Alfred de Caston's *Les Tricheurs*. The preface in which Professor Hoffmann sets forth these facts is not perhaps the least valuable part of his own share in the work. He says in this that some of the feats described in the pages of the volume might well seem incredible to those who had had no personal experience in the matter. He himself, however, has sometimes, when these feats have been deliberately performed in his presence, been tempted to ask "whether they have really been executed at all, or whether the professor has not this time played fair, and won by some happy accident." If, he goes on pertinently to ask, this is the effect produced upon a person familiar with every general form of card-conjuring, and prepared for the particular manner in which the precise trick is to be executed, what chance has the average card-player of detecting unfair play at the hands of a practised card-sharper? This is a question which bears upon what we had to say last week of the ease with which the average man can be duped by any one who has a moderate share of intelligence and who is prepared to take a moderate amount of trouble; and the fact stated by Professor Hoffmann more than sufficiently explains the success of the clumsy enough tricks which are constantly employed against their dupes by the professors of various forms of "mysticism." In this matter Robert-Houdin himself was more sanguine than is his latest translator and editor. He took for the motto of his volume Montesquieu's maxim, "Eclaircissez les dupes, et il n'y aura plus de fripons." On this the editor observes justly enough that the expectation here inferred is hardly likely to be gratified, that the honest man will never be a match for the rogue, and that, so far as card-playing is concerned, the true moral of Houdin's work should rather be found in some such expression as "Never play at any game whatever for stakes large enough to tempt any one to unfair play." On the face of it this may strike the general reader as a somewhat cynical view to express, or he may be inclined to describe it at best in Pepys's words as "a devilish saying, but true"; but it may be tolerably well supported by remembrance of the hardly doubted fact in connexion with one of the very few existing public tables, that the heaviest losses, the only disputes as to fair or unfair play, and the most horrible cases of ruin, are to be found, not round the public table, but at the private tables which are to be discovered by those who seek them not far off. In referring to this fact we do not, of course, intend to make a defence of the tables; but, on the assumption

that Lever's Jew in *Davenport Dunn* was right when he said that gambling was one of the things which men would do as long as the world went on, it may be worth while to point still more strongly the force of what Professor Hoffmann advances. "Wherever," he says, "the stakes are of such an amount as to constitute substantial gain or loss to any of the players, the risk of unfair play begins. . . . The most exclusive of clubs, the most watchful of committees, will never succeed in keeping out the Grecian element so long as the temptation exists in the form of high stakes. Granted that the great majority among the classes where high play prevails would play as honourably for thousands as for sixpences. So much the better for the Greek. The less fear of his market being spoiled by competition." This, as a general rule—of course there may be exceptions—is hardly contestable; and no doubt many of our readers will remember cases within their own personal experience which will confirm the "Professor's" conclusion. Whether he, on his part, is not too sanguine in thinking that retribution, sooner or later, always overtakes the skilful "Greek" is perhaps an open question. Indeed, the curious history which Houdin gives of "Raymond," the gambler, is a case in point, although it is true that he is represented as having taken to honest courses at the right moment.

Just before the history of Raymond is given Houdin tells two other stories, which are, in their way, amusing and instructive. One relates to his detection of a "Greek" who had managed to make his way into a subscription hall during the Carnival of 1832 without being challenged or detected. He was extremely skilful, and probably few people besides Houdin, who was there as a mere idler, could have found him out. When the brilliant conjuror had satisfied himself that foul play was being employed he gave information to a friend of his, Brissard, who was one of the stewards, and who proceeded to ask the Greek for his credentials. The Greek staggered both Brissard and Houdin by the *aplomb* and courtesy of his reply, under cover of which he made his way through the crowd, to look, as he said, for his introducer. Suddenly he made a dive into the throng and disappeared. "I have an idea, I'll catch him yet," said Brissard. "He was bare-headed, and he has not had time to get his hat. The address of the hatter may give a clue for the police. Madam," he continued, addressing the woman in charge of the guests' hats and cloaks, "has a gentleman with a large moustache just been here to get his hat?" Being answered in the negative, he begged her to detain the unclaimed hat, and then went on to question the porter, who informed him that such a person had just gone out bare-headed, and when a few paces from the door had pulled a Gibus hat from under his cloak and put it on. The other story dates and localizes the familiar legend of the man with the stabbed hand, which has of late years been referred to a transaction between certain American "sportsmen." About 1765, as Houdin told the story, a Spaniard named Lorenzo lost in a club at Bordeaux the greater part of an immense fortune in an evening. He went on, as gamblers will, throwing good money after bad, until it suddenly struck him that he was probably being "done." He felt a conviction that the cards on the table were *biscauté*—that is, bevelled or clipped. "Lorenzo drew from his breast a keen-edged stiletto, and, at the very moment when his adversary offered the pack to him to cut, he, by a sudden blow, pinned to the table both the cards and the hand which offered them." It turned out that his suspicion was well-founded, and "this cruel, but well-deserved punishment, was followed by a complete restitution of the swindler's ill-gotten gains."

The history of Raymond—which may be a little "embellished," especially as regards Raymond's turning out to have been the executor of the hat-trick just referred to—is interesting as a detailed account, studied evidently from life, of the downward descent from gambling to card-sharping. Its earlier stages we may here pass over, coming to the time when Raymond with two associates having started "a private hell," there arose a quarrel which led to Raymond and Andréas diverging to what may be called a tour through the provinces. Raymond in this figured as a man of birth and station, being careful not to pass himself off as a Russian prince or an Englishman, "for both these characters have been so often assumed by swindlers that his so doing alone would raise suspicion." He arrives first at various first-rate hotels, and his associate following him, they pretend to scrape together acquaintance by chance, and then by means of a secret code fleece their victims at their will. There are various stories of the tricks played by Raymond and his associate Andréas in this and in other ways, from which we may select one for repetition. When at Lyons they heard of a certain Bérolé who had a great fancy for precious stones, and who belonged to one of the play-clubs of the town. Raymond, under Andréas's instructions, gained a footing at Bérolé's club, and presently introduced Andréas, on whose finger Bérolé soon observed a fine diamond ring. This he watched with greedy eyes from day to day, until at length he could contain the expression of his admiration no longer. Andréas then explained to him that he felt bound to tell him that "You are not a very good judge, for this superb diamond which has dazzled you so much is only paste." The assertion was questioned and repeated until Bérolé, taking the stone into his own hands, reiterated his conviction that it was a fine diamond. "Very good, I'm glad to hear it," said Andréas with seeming indifference; "let me see, I think it is your deal." At the end of the game Bérolé offered to buy the ring, and Andréas replied that he could hardly be tempted even by an extravagant price to part with the "paste ring," which had been in his family

for over so many years. Finally Bérolé persuaded Andréas to lend him the ring, that he might show it to a jeweller and see if his opinion was not correct. The jeweller at once pronounced the stone to be worth twelve thousand francs, and Bérolé, who prided himself on "doing" others in his jewel transactions, bought it, after much trouble, from Andréas for ten thousand francs. Then he went in triumph to the jeweller, who at once said, "Hollo! this is not a diamond; this is paste." In the sequel the biter was bit by means of a curiously daring and ingenious device on the part of Bérolé, who after all was perhaps as much of a biter as either Andréas or Raymond. To make up for this, Raymond and his associates soon afterwards played a yet more ingenious and far more infamous trick upon a young man, whom they succeeded in nearly ruining by leading him on to believe that he was admitted as an accomplice in their miserable schemes, and then turning loose on him a hitherto unseen confederate to denounce him as a detected swindler and threaten him with every kind of penalty. Raymond, as we have said, became in the end, according to Houdin, an honest person, having succeeded to a comfortable legacy which he cannot be said to have deserved.

It is pleasing to turn from such histories as these to the story which Professor Hoffmann quotes from M. de Caston's *Les Tricheurs*, of how Caston discomfited a professional sharper one day at Brussels. He was waiting somewhat impatiently for a friend of his (M. Delaunoy, of the Vaudeville Theatre, Professor Hoffmann calls him, but it should obviously be M. Delannoy) at a café, when a stranger lounged in and presently proposed a game of piquet, a hundred and fifty up, for a cup of coffee. "I lost the game," M. de Caston writes. "My opponent offered me my revenge. We then played for our luncheon and a bottle of Bordeaux which we had consumed in common, amounting only to some five or six francs." It was accident then rather than the amount of the stake which led M. de Caston to watch his opponent and discover that he was playing unfairly. This was how he did it. "In shuffling, he left the four aces at the bottom of the pack. When I had cut he coolly replaced the top half of the pack upon the other, so that he might very well have spared me the trouble of cutting at all. Then he proceeded to deal"; and M. de Caston tabulates carefully the manner of his dealing, the result of which was that he dealt twelve cards to Caston and only eleven to himself. "He then separated the nine cards remaining into two portions, the first of five cards, the second of four; but this latter gave him a *quatorze* of aces." This compelled his adversary's admiration, but it seemed to him to be going a little too far; so, in taking up his own cards, he managed to give himself the four aces. When the stranger took up his hand he was so astonished that he lost his presence of mind and actually exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this? You have robbed me, sir. *Where are my aces?*" "In my own hand, sir. My name is Alfred de Caston, and I give my first magical performance to-morrow at the *Salle Philharmonique*." My friend seized his hat and fled. I am bound, as a faithful chronicler, to add that in the hurry of his flight he quite forgot to pay for his refreshment." This pleasing story is followed by some technical explanations of various "dodges," which are of special interest to the expert in card tricks. On this side of the book, in one way the most valuable, we have not now dwelt; but occasion may arise in the future for our having something to say of it.

#### THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE are glad to say that since we last wrote good progress has been made with this Exhibition, and that now most of the principal objects of interest are in their places, while work is still actively going on. We may then say that our hopes that this display would be a success have been realized; and the number of visitors clearly shows that the subject is still a matter of public interest. In the course of the last fortnight those in charge of the Lane-Fox and Edison incandescent lights have done their best to falsify our verdict on them—both systems are now giving far more light than we have ever before seen from them. The Brush Company have arranged one of the Lane-Fox lights in a small cage of cut-glass drops and placed it amongst the fronds of a tree-fern or some similar plant with the happiest effect. The British Electric Light Company are exhibiting a form of incandescent lamp devised and perfected by their electricians. As the officials of the Company keep the method of manufacturing the carbon a secret, it is difficult to criticize the lamp; it, however, appears to be simple in construction, which ought to imply a moderate price per lamp, and gives a very good light. As yet the Swan light is not ready for exhibition, but the arrangements are being rapidly pushed on, and before many days are over the rooms formerly used for the Victoria Cross Picture Gallery will be lighted by this system. The Entertainment Court is now opened to the public, but only late in the evening, when the brilliant display of light and the popularity of Mr. Edison's name attract such crowds that it is difficult to examine the smaller exhibits. The great chandelier designed and manufactured by Messrs. Verity, which has attracted so much attention and received so much praise, does not strike us as a really beautiful object. In design it represents a basket of flowers; but it is so conventionally treated that the basket is out of all proportion to the huge mass of foliage and blossoms which



it is supposed to support. How the thing would look hung high up in a large hall we cannot pretend to say; but, as it is, it produces the effect of a vast crag of bright brass, made only the more tawdry by being brilliantly illuminated. In this part of his exhibit Mr. Edison shows the applicability of the incandescent system to domestic purposes by arranging his lamps on brackets and stands such as could be used in living rooms, each fitted with a switch arranged like a gas-tap, so that visitors can turn the light on and off, which they do to their great satisfaction and joy. With that talent for advertising and display which is so strong in the American nation, most of these brackets are arranged in front of ornamental mirrors, so as to enhance the illuminating power of the lamps. We continue to give prominence to the subject of incandescent lighting, not only because in its present form it is the latest development of practical electrical art, but also because it is the development which is most likely to add considerably to our comfort. Of course these lamps do give out heat, and if enough of them are used to give a brilliant illumination of any space, the heat developed will be considerable, but will be far less than the heat given out by any other source of light of the same power; whilst with the incandescent electric light there are absolutely no products of combustion—an advantage which this system alone possesses—as even the arc electric light, as usually arranged, gives off carbonic anhydride, generally called carbonic acid, and very likely also the lower oxide of carbon, which is even a more deadly poison than the other, together with some nitrogen compounds, which are by no means to be desired as part of the air to be breathed by human beings. It is no exaggeration to say that, if a room were lighted by incandescent lamps, it would bear to be crowded with even twice its usual complement of people, and after many hours would be fresher and more comfortable than it had been even when lighted with candles.

It would be premature to give any detailed criticism of the arc lights shown at the Crystal Palace. We shall therefore only for the present notice one lamp—the Pilsen Arc lamp, which is shown in the Handel Orchestra. This apparatus represents a new departure in mechanism for regulating arc lights, and one which has many theoretical advantages. How far the present form is valuable in practice it is difficult to determine. At times these lights will burn for a long time as steadily and well as any oil lamp, whilst at others they are as irregular in their action as any other form of arc light. It may be that the faulty performance is due to imperfect adjustment, and this seems most likely; for if a lamp can ever give such excellent results as the Pilsen lamp occasionally does, it is fair to suppose that the system is good, and only requires some variation in details to give a uniformly good and steady light. The great novelty in the construction is that, whereas in the older types of arc lamps the carbons are moved forward as they burn by some mechanical power which is checked by the current, in the Pilsen lamp the carbons, though free to move, are balanced so as normally to remain at rest, but are moved forward by the action of the current exactly at the rate at which they are consumed. This is effected by an ingenious application of a very curious scientific fact. It is well known that, if a current of electricity be made to circulate in a hollow cylindrical coil of wire, which is called a solenoid, this coil has a tendency to suck as it were a bar of iron into itself; if two such coils be arranged so as to oppose each other, and a bar of iron passes through them both, it has a position of rest, when the effect of both coils is equal; if moved from this position, it returns to it. But this is not the case if the bar of iron be made spindle-shaped—that is, in the form of the “cat” so freely used in London streets in the game of tip-cat—in this case, if the two solenoids be of equal power, the bar can be moved into any position, and will remain there; but should one solenoid be more powerful than the other, the bar is drawn further into the more powerful coil. Taking advantage of this fact, the inventors of the Pilsen lamp attach (in the ordinary form of lamp) one of the carbon rods to such a spindle-shaped iron bar, and carefully counterweight it; the bar is surrounded by two coils, one of large wire and hence of low resistance in the main circuit of the current which passes through the carbon, the other of fine wire and hence of high resistance in a shunt or derived circuit. The high resistance of this coil only allows a very small part of the current to pass through it, but being of many turns of wire can, under proper circumstances, balance the effect of the other coil. When the current is first put on, if the carbons be not touching, no current passes through the first coil, but a strong one through the second; this draws down the movable carbon until it touches the other, when the upper coil, receiving a strong current, draws the bar and movable carbon up again, until the arc is of the right length, when the two solenoids balance each other, and there is no tendency for the bar to move. As the carbons burn away, the arc lengthens, and thus increases the resistance in the main circuit, diminishing the current in the upper solenoid, and increasing that in the lower and so moving the carbon forward again. It is curious to find in the name of this lamp the disadvantage of being an Austrian; the regulator was invented by two Austrian engineers; but their names were so unpronounceable, that they had to abandon the idea of attaching them to their lamp, and called it after the beer-famous town where their experiments were made. These lights are exhibited by Messrs. Rowatt and Fyfe, and are supplied with the current from a Schuckert dynamo-machine, which appears to be a very good form; it is of the ring-armature type, and although it works against a rather high resistance, and produces a large

current, keeps very cool and shows hardly any sparking at the commutators.

It is only fair to say even before discussing the arc light and the dynamos, which produce them in detail, that all the systems are burning much more steadily than they did when we saw them at Paris, and that there is also far less sparking from the dynamos than when they were running at the Palais de l'Industrie.

Every effort is being made by the managers of the Crystal Palace to make this exhibition of real sound value. They have now arranged for a series of lectures by Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson on electricity, and its applications generally, to be followed by lectures on the different systems of lighting in detail, to be delivered by the electricians of the various Companies, and these are to be supplemented by periodical demonstrations of the most important exhibits, to be given at fixed times during the day. The times of the demonstrations are to be advertised in the daily programme. The lectures are to be given on Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock, and were commenced on the 22nd inst. by Professor Sylvanus Thompson's first lecture on the electric current. This was very well delivered, and Professor Thompson showed that he had all the qualities requisite for a high-class popular lecturer—a dramatic style, a clear and audible delivery, and rapidity and dexterity as an experimenter. The lecture was planned on very sound scientific lines, the only fault being that the necessity of covering much ground, and introducing pictures and startling experiments, obliged the lecturer to make very wide gaps in his chain of reasoning, which only fairly good electricians and physicists could fill up. However, a very large audience seemed thoroughly pleased with the lecture. The defects which we have hinted at were unavoidable from the circumstances, and we must really feel glad that so much sound scientific feeling was shown in so very popular a lecture. But we fear that we cannot leave Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson without expressing our regret at his introducing into so generally sound a lecture an expression which sounds absurd, and one speculation which would make any other physicist tremble from its boldness. Professor Thompson, in the first place, repeated what he said in the lecture delivered by him some little time ago, that he looked forward to the time when electricity would supersede steam. This would mislead a popular audience. A physicist would know that what the lecturer meant to say was that he looked forward to the time when, by the intervention of electricity, water power would be largely used, and when, instead of the modern wasteful plan of every small workshop having its own engine, steam power will be given by large economical engines at central stations, transmitting its power to the surrounding factories and workshops by means of electricity.

The more astonishing piece of indiscretion to which we refer was Professor S. P. Thompson's own private theory of electricity. He began well; he said that the “two-fluid” theory would not do; he said that Professor Clerk Maxwell might have given us a true theory of electricity had he lived; he referred to Maxwell's theories of strain of luminiferous ether in the magnetic field, but he went on to say that he—Professor Sylvanus Thompson—went further than Clerk Maxwell, and looked upon a positive charge as a condensation of ether; on a negative charge as a rarefaction of ether, and on an electric current as a flow of ether. We dare not say that Professor Thompson is wrong, because we do not profess to know what a charge is or what a current is, and therefore cannot say with certainty what it is not; but we fear that this expression of opinion will send a shudder through the frames of most physicists who may hear of it.

Such a speculation in an ordinary popular lecture we could afford to pass over. But when made in a lecture of such great merit as that lately delivered by Professor Thompson, it becomes of serious importance, and we cannot pass it over without entering our protest against it.

#### JUMBO.

MR. BARNUM, the Great American Showman, has relinquished the Mermaid, Woolly Horse, and Tom Thumb business for the more legitimate attractions of the Menagerie; and his agents are now scouring Europe in order to find suitable specimens for his collection. The contents of our own Zoological Gardens they pronounced to be but “small stuff,” and of no use to them; for they wanted to give a large order—“twenty giraffes, or thirty ostriches, or a big lot of something.” The attendants jokingly pointed to Jumbo, the great African elephant, and asked if the visitors “thought that big enough”; the latter regarded the monster attentively and departed. After visiting the menageries at Paris, Berlin, Cologne, and Hamburg, and shipping from the latter place seven giraffes, they returned to the States. A fortnight ago a telegram came from Mr. Barnum to Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Gardens in Regent's Park—“What is the lowest price you will take for your large African elephant?” The Council of the Society happened to be sitting when the message arrived; the telegram was handed to the Secretary, Dr. Selator, to be placed before them; after a little discussion the answer was despatched—“2000*l.*, to be paid for as he stands.” Last week Mr. Barnum's agents arrived, paid the money, and began to make preparations for removing their purchase. A strong box, twelve feet high, fourteen feet long, and eight feet wide, was made, and with its bolts, bars, and other strengthening apparatus, weighed upwards of four tons. To this contrivance Jumbo was led out;

he regarded it with suspicion from the first, but he seems to have thought that the climax of unkindness was reached when Scott, his keeper, assisted in placing the chains round his feet and body, and he expressed his sense of injustice by dismal howlings, in which Alice, his faithful female companion, feelingly joined.

Mr. Barnum's agent, Mr. Davis, speaking from an experience of the great showman's stud of twenty-one elephants, holds that the African elephant is more intelligent, but more self-willed, than his Indian congener, and cannot be coaxed or deceived into doing anything which he dislikes. This character Jumbo fully bore out. When they got his front feet in the box, he simply lay down flat with his hind legs stretched out, and refused to stir any further. The more they led him backwards and forwards the more determined grew his resolution not to lend himself to any such immoral proceedings as he perceived were contemplated. Tired out at length, the attendants proposed to lead him back to his accustomed stall, and to this he cheerfully assented. As the *Persian Monarch*, in which he was to sail, started on Sunday morning, there was no time to be lost, so another method had to be tried. At daybreak he was taken out of the Gardens, the plan being to march him down to the Millwall Docks, where, it was hoped, being tired with his walk, he would step quietly on to the trolly, and so be easily shipped on board. But however Mr. Barnum's agents might propose, Jumbo could dispose; and in this instance he was still more unwilling than on the previous evening to lend himself to the transaction. As soon as he got into the road, he saw that something unusual was again about to take place and knelt down to await the issue. The elephants inside the Gardens were also filled with misgivings, and bellowed and trumpeted loudly, Jumbo responding with sympathetic sounds. At length he had to be led back into the Gardens, where, with an unruffled mien, he resumed his wonted occupation of carrying little children on his back and eating buns.

It is now intended to place the large box in which he is to be taken to the docks in front of his stable door, the low wheels being sunk in the ground, and both ends of the box left open, so that, in passing out through it daily, he may become accustomed to its appearance. Whether he will be taken in by any such transparent device remains to be seen. Jumbo is the largest specimen of the elephant on record, being fully eleven feet in height; the general height is seven feet, while the largest animals seldom attain to nine. When he arrived from Paris seventeen years ago he was a wee little pachyderm, not more than four feet high; but he has since attained the height of over eleven feet, and weighs a little under six tons. He is already huger in his proportions than the monster which Polyænus states was brought by Cæsar to Britain in 54 B.C., and terrified the inhabitants greatly; and he is probably more colossal than the "elephant of enormous size" which was presented by the King of France to our own Henry III. in 1258. As a rule, an elephant is a gentle, well-conducted, and good-natured creature, but he is very sensitive to bad treatment or teasing. Elephants are very easily tamed, and this fact seems to have been found out in the earliest times. The Indians were the first to employ them in war; and so important a part do they play in the early history of Hindustan, that Sanscrit has over a hundred different names for the animal. The ancient poets of India regarded the elephant as the symbol of wisdom and sympathy, and Ganesha, the god of all the arts and sciences, is represented in the Indian temples with an elephant's head. The wise elephant was also an incarnation of the Buddha, and one of the Jatakas, or ancient Buddhist Birth-stories, contains an anecdote which singularly confirms modern observation of the capacity of the beast for forming strong attachments and clinging to old associations. "Long ago," the legend says, "when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, and Bodisat became his minister, a dog used to frequent the State elephant's stable and feed upon the lumps of rice which fell where he had fed. He soon became great friends with the elephant, and used to eat close by his side. At last neither of them was happy without the other; and the dog used to amuse himself by catching hold of the elephant's trunk and swinging to and fro. But one day the keeper sold the dog to a peasant, and from that time the elephant, missing the dog, would neither eat nor drink nor bathe."

Amongst the Egyptian hieroglyphics the elephant is never found; but the Babylonian and Assyrian monuments contain many representations of the Asiatic variety. The Book of the Maccabees tells us that "to every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail, and five hundred horse; and upon the elephants were strong towers of wood." Even in those early days the intellect of the animals was appealed to, and we are told that the elephants in the army of Antiochus were provoked to fight "by showing them the blood of grapes and mulberries." Ivory (*elephas*) was an article of commerce amongst the ancient Ethiopians, and Homer also speaks of it by the same name, while Herodotus mentions the elephant among the fauna of Libya. Ktesias, the private physician of Artaxerxes, has given the earliest account of the animal from his personal observations at Babylon; and Aristotle wrote a more exact description from fifteen specimens captured at the battle of Arbela by Alexander the Great. Elephants were used in Europe for military purposes at a very early period, and Pyrrhus brought twenty of them against Rome. The Romans not only used them in war, but took advantage of their tractability and intelligence to train them to take part in the popular sports; and we learn that they were taught to dance the tight-rope, and, like the learned pig of modern days, to point out letters, &c., with their trunks. The first large troop of

elephants brought into Europe in modern times consisted of six which formed part of the train of Sultan Soliman, and were captured at the battle of Fermitzer in 1529. It is calculated that no less than eight thousand elephants are killed every year for the sake of their ivory, and the species is therefore getting rarer every day, although still apparently in no very immediate danger of becoming extinct.

There was a time when the Zoological Society was willing to give large sums—thousands of pounds, in fact—ungrudgingly for specimens of rare animals, as in the case of the four giraffes obtained by M. Thibaut in 1835, and the hippopotamus—the first brought to this country—in 1850. It seems therefore, to say the least, odd that they should be willing to sacrifice such a unique specimen as Jumbo for a sum of money which must really be a bagatelle for them. Indeed the question of profit and loss can hardly enter into their transactions; for their present income is quite sufficient to enable them, as a scientific body, to carry out all the provisions of their charter, under which a grant was made to them of a large portion of one of the best London Parks. Were they a mere trading body, such a concession could never have been made. It is true that another reason is alleged for parting with Jumbo, besides the pecuniary one; docile and good-tempered as he generally is, he occasionally gives way to fits of temper when shut up, and it is said that when in his "tantrums" he rather severely tries the strength of his house. Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Gardens, calculates that he will keep on growing until he is thirty-one, and that he will add some nine inches to his stature; now it is well known that when elephants arrive at maturity they become unmanageable by ordinary means at a certain period of the year, and it is thought that the means which would have to be employed to restrain Jumbo when in this condition would be resented by the public as verging on cruelty. As the same eminent authority places the life of an elephant at something short of two centuries, the Society shrink from undertaking so grave a responsibility for so long a time, and have accordingly transferred it to a private owner. It is quite possible that the great African elephant might ultimately come to be looked upon rather in the light of the proverbial white elephant than as a Zoological specimen; but it is curious that the Council of the Zoological Society should have found out the danger, or at least published their misgivings for the first time, when Mr. Barnum telegraphed his offer to purchase the animal for 2,000*l.* The Society were, no doubt, right in insisting that the buyer should take him as he stood; but this clause seems likely to occasion some difficulties. If the animal continues his system of passive resistance, and refuses to get accustomed to the trolly sunk into the ground before his stable, he can never be shipped at all; in this event the Society could hardly sue Mr. Barnum for specific performance of the contract, nor could they keep the money; so that there is a chance, after all, that matters may, by Jumbo's own action, or rather inaction, be placed in *status quo*, and the old favourite be retained in Regent's Park.

#### CABMEN.

**P**RESIDING last Saturday evening at the annual festival of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, the Duke of Edinburgh paid a handsome compliment to the qualities of an industrious fraternity who are far from being public favourites. In an earnest appeal to the liberality of the public, he expressed a doubt whether a more hardworking, sober, and honest set of men were anywhere to be met with. Possibly his Royal Highness has a smaller personal experience of cabs than humbler mortals; but, for our own part, we are much inclined to agree with him. At all events, we can admire in the cabdriver the practice of virtues which are made comparatively easy to classes of the community exposed to fewer temptations. The cabman is very generally and very freely abused; too often, we must confess, with considerable reason. But to us it is always a standing cause of astonishment that, in place of not unfrequently being aggressive and objectionable, he should in any case, after years spent upon the box, preserve the sensibility of his conscience or the serenity of his temper. Only look dispassionately at the life he is doomed to lead, with its manifold seductions and its never-ending trials. Unquestionably he has ample occasions for mortifying the flesh; but then, in his peculiar circumstances, that adds indefinitely to his difficulties. As the man with plenty of money has no inducement to levy unrighteous contributions on his neighbour, so the man who is well fed and warmly clothed, who can conform his habits and his hours to his inclinations, has seldom serious cause to give way to his temper. But, except in the brighter or more balmy days of the spring or summer, the cabman is always enduring, if not suffering. He goes to bed late, but he is compelled to be up early. Unless when he can indulge in an occasional holiday, we may assume that he is never thoroughly rested. Hurriedly breaking his fast as best he may, he gropes his way down the creaking stairs in the dark, to drag his cab out into the damp court-yard. He sets himself to clean off yesterday's caked mud with buckets of chilly water, having previously fed and groomed his horse, and possibly attended carefully to the dressing of sundry raws. If he is a kind-hearted driver, as we are bound to hope, that delicate work cannot be slurred over, and we must remember that tasks of this kind are trying to human impatience. Chilled with premature exposure



and insufficient firing, he pulls on his overcoat, gathers up the reins, and drives forth on a long and doubtful day's duty. If a fair wage were assured him, he would not be so much to be pitied. But he is either the proprietor of his own cab, which in itself makes a most risky speculation, or he is bound to deliver a fixed sum to his employer before he can provide for himself and for the needs of a hungry household. Whether he prowls solitary along the streets, under the unfriendly eyes of energetic policemen, or draws up on the rank among his fellows, we may be sure that he has always an invisible companion. Whether Care gets up behind the horseman or not, it is certain that it insists invariably upon a lift on the cab-box. As the morning hours drag forward without a satisfactory fare, the driver feels ever-growing anxiety. He may console himself with reflecting on the doctrine of averages, more especially should he have a small reserve in the savings bank; but then circumstances may upset the sagacious calculations. We know that in every game of speculation there are runs of ill-luck which are as remarkable as unexpected; and then the cabman has reason to dread the malevolent extremes of the capricious elements. A period of brilliant sunshine, a severe frost, or a prolonged snowstorm, a sudden hurricane or a London fog, may frighten his best customers away and condemn him to the sorrows of expectation. Yet the worst weather, we should imagine, is as a rule the most welcome to him. But the weather that drives pedestrians to seek shelter in four-wheelers and hermetically seals the glasses of the hansoms can be by no means agreeable to the man on the box. When it lasts for days or weeks, his wrappings are as seldom dry as the wardrobes of the steerage hands in a wet American clipper; and since umbrellas are not the fashion among cabbies, a single violent downpour may drench him for all the day. But there is no possibility of going home to change, and there is nothing for the victim but to grin and bear it. The bitter intensity of a frost is perhaps even worse, when no amount of stamping on the pavement or the foot-board will keep the feet warm. The middle-aged man is wincing at those flying twinges of rheumatism that threaten by degrees to become chronic, while the blossom-faced veteran is suffering from agonies which would send a gouty valetudinarian of the upper orders to his bed. So the day draws to its end, with leaden feet and varying fortunes, but with a dominating sense of doubt and dissatisfaction as the shillings drop slowly in, which ought to leave a margin for supper. The horse, though its days of repose are far more frequent than those of its master, begins to show by unmistakable signs that he thinks it high time to turn towards the stable. Anyone who has driven a jaded animal over heavy roads may appreciate the strain on the nerves of the cabdriver as the screw begins to hang upon his hands, in spite of incessant applications of whipcord. When horseflesh and human nature can do no more, the driver feels as if he would gladly hibernate like the dormouse. But even as he folds himself in a short supply of blankets, the pleasure is mingled with pain. For he knows that just when he seems to have settled comfortably to his slumbers, he must rouse himself again and return to his daily treadmill.

So it is quite certain that the cabdriver is a hardworking man; and if he is honest, sober, and well-conducted as well, it redounds in an infinite degree to his credit. It may be added that, if he gradually yields to the temptations of his position, or if he be even found guilty of grave offences and misdemeanours, there is much that may be reasonably urged in extenuation. And we confess that we have more sympathy with the cabman than with those who are inclined to be hard on him. For ourselves, we have frequently been driven, for example, from Pall Mall to Euston Square. A tariff of fares displayed in the hall of the Club shows the exact distance and its precise price. We have started, like Mrs. Gilpin, in frugal mind, having determined to pay the legitimate fare and nothing more. But as we thread the interminable maze of narrow streets and deserted squares, we are glad to say that our feelings become more sympathetic. The blocked thoroughfares that have turned us aside, the chokes in the traffic that have fretted us into unseemly irritation, must clearly have come heavier on the cabman than on ourselves, so long as we have been landed in time for the train. And so it comes about that to pay tolerably liberally is but another form of self-indulgence. It is infinitely more pleasant, as we find, to start upon a journey with a cheery "Thank you, sir," from the cabman who has conveyed us so far, than to save a shilling by a fretful appeal to a policeman, who, although he delivers judgment in our favour, sympathizes nevertheless with the other party. In such cases we hold that the cabman may fairly expect a trifle more than the regulation tariff. But it is matter of notoriety that many most respectable Britons think differently, and, above all, that the average British female makes it a point of conscience on occasions like these to deal rigorously. Should the passenger be as well-informed as the hero of Mr. Surtees's famous sporting novel, the cabman has no alternative but to swear and succumb. If he is brought up before some worthy magistrate for abusive language, we pity while we blame him. But not unfrequently he finds an opportunity of taking a not unnatural revenge. He is hailed by a sharp-featured gentleman of shrewd but rustic exterior, or by a vinegar-visaged spinster, who clutches her handbag as if she were indicating the grip she keeps over her purse-clasps. The intelligent cabman reads their parsimonious minds, and resolves to give them a lesson in the topography of the metropolis. So he takes them from Piccadilly to Euston Square by way of Chancery Lane and the Holborn Viaduct. Yet, even when he has laid them dishonestly

under involuntary contribution, we credit him with a kind of rough-and-ready justice. As for retaining the treasure-trove that has been found abandoned on the seats of cabs, that is a more serious matter; and we highly approve of the Cabman's Benevolent Association offering adequate rewards for prompt restitution. A cabman who discovers a packet of papers, "of no value to any one but the owner," will indubitably hold himself bound to carry them to Scotland Yard as soon as his engagements will permit. But when it is a pair of opera-glasses that is in question, or even a bloated *porte-monnaie*, we fear he is more likely to make a question of it. The cabman may be a Socialist or a patriotic philanthropist, with advanced views as to the maldistribution of wealth and the flagrant abuse of luxury by his superiors. He sees a penny paper at second-hand, and has studied the sophistries of the Premier's speeches. It is possible, at least, that he may hold as a pious opinion that exceptional cases of private confiscation must tend indirectly to the public benefit. Even if he holds over a purse with its contents, pending deliberation as to their ultimate disposal, and decides to invest them in the meantime for his personal benefit, he has perhaps more to say for himself than an ordinary fraudulent trustee. As for sobriety, the cabman who is consistently sober must have learned the crowning lesson of keeping his inclinations under absolute control. We are no admirers of total abstinence in the abstract, or of adopting extreme principles in ordinary circumstances; but if misfortune reduced us to "the rank," we should certainly sign the pledge by way of precaution. A cabman, whether he be misanthropical or convivial, who has reserved his full liberty of action, must be always turning a longing eye towards the doors of the public-houses and fumbling with the stray coppers in his pockets. Drenched and shivering and hopelessly, "down upon his luck," it is something to buy a temporary glow and a few minutes of comparative exhilaration for the very moderate sum of threepence. Undoubtedly the public must be protected; and if he chooses to get drunk, well knowing the consequences, he deserves to have his licence endorsed, and to have it cancelled after repeated offences. Yet even then, while approving the sentence, we cannot help feeling some sympathy for the culprit. In any case we must wish well to the "Benevolent Association" which takes the morals of the cabmen into its special charge, and to the "shelters" which offer them some of the advantages of clubs. For it used to be the misfortune of the cabman that he could seldom have comfort apart from dissipation, and that he had none of those opportunities of instruction and self-culture which have long been within the reach of most other working-men.

#### YACHTING RULES

THE Yacht Racing Association now appears likely to become a very powerful body, and it will have ample opportunity for using its power judiciously, as there are questions of considerable weight, so far as regards yacht-racing, which will have to be discussed and decided before long. Measurement has still to be dealt with, for it seems clear that the change which has been made is insufficient, and that a new system of a totally different kind from the old ones must be devised. A short time ago an ingenious designer contributed to the *Field* the lines of a so-called five-ton yacht, which, though only of this tonnage according to the Y.R.A. measurement, would have a displacement of twelve tons, and would carry a lead keel weighing nine tons. The appearance of this design was a little startling to those who thought that the new method of measuring yachts would render it impossible to combine a very large displacement—or, in simpler language, considerable true size—with small nominal size, by giving great length in proportion to beam. The projected yacht had a length of seven beams. Her design thus afforded a very practical comment on the effect of the new rule in putting a stop to the construction of "monsters," and this comment was strengthened by a letter which appeared in the *Field* respecting the rather terrifying design. A gentleman of inquiring mind wrote from Barrow-in-Furness to ask some questions about the metacentric height, centre of buoyancy, and other abstruse subjects, and incidentally mentioned that he was building a ten-ton vessel of 23 tons displacement. In this second case a huge disproportion—nearly as great as that in the first—between true size and nominal size had been obtained. With bigger vessels, no doubt, it would not be possible to take advantage so brilliantly of the rule, and to arrive at such a happy result. Depth could not be increased to the requisite amount, and a proportionate quantity of outside lead could not be carried. We need not fear a sixty-ton cutter of 144 tons displacement, with a lead keel weighing 108 tons; but, though the builders and owners of large yachts will not have quite the license graciously accorded to those who design and sail smaller ones, it seems tolerably clear that very striking dimensions will be practicable, and that naval architects will be checked rather by constructive difficulties than by the operation of the new law, or, in other words, that things will be much as they were. Those who framed the rule are not in the least to blame for this, as they were harassed by much distracting counsel, and were perhaps scarcely authorized to introduce any great innovation; but the necessity for radical change is becoming more and more apparent, and it is certain that no rule can be

satisfactory which, like the old regulation, or the modification of it that now obtains, favours one particular type of vessel, and does not leave the designer free to concentrate all his skill and ingenuity in devising the best ship he can without regard to any arbitrary system of measurement. The present rule may perhaps prevent such abuse as was hypothetically possible under the old regulation; but still it clearly seems to favour the very long, narrow vessel, which must have great depth, and carry a huge amount of lead as low down as possible. To a rule which tends to secure predominance for yachts in which the peculiarities of this type have been carried to the furthest extreme, there are, besides the grave objection just mentioned, others of considerable importance which it is not necessary to recapitulate, as they have been stated times innumerable. Very obvious facts appear to indicate that the new rule is not much less open to these objections than the old one was; and though, on the one hand, it may seem hasty to reopen the question that was so lately settled, on the other, it appears difficult to avoid the conclusion that the present rule is a mere stopgap which in the nature of things cannot last long, and that the whole question must be fully discussed on a new basis.

It is not at all astonishing that the question is still unsettled, and that a satisfactory method is still to seek, for the subject is full of difficulty. The mercantile shipowners are in a position similar to that of the yachtsmen. In spite of all the knowledge that has been brought to bear on the matter, there is general discontent with the present system of measurement, and even now the most competent men cannot agree as to the best way of amending or altering it. As it has been found hitherto impracticable to devise an acceptable method although it has been demanded by the greatest trade in the country, it is not wonderful that those who have to do merely with a sport should be as yet without a satisfactory plan for measuring vessels. That a satisfactory plan will ultimately be devised we do not doubt; but it seems certain that it will have to be radically different from the present arbitrary method, which cannot last long. Substitutes for the old method, of which it is a modification, have been proposed, but, with one exception, none of them have borne the test of careful examination. That which seems at first sight most taking is displacement measurement, which, as it gives the actual weight of a vessel, appears to indicate best what her size is. Unfortunately it seems clear that this measurement would practically encourage a very bad type of vessel. At least it is difficult to avoid this conclusion after studying the remarkable experiments which Mr. Dixon Kemp described in the *Field* of the 11th instant, as the result of them leaves room for very little doubt. He took a model of the *Vanessa* and compared it with three models of the flat-bottomed type. The result must have surprised even those who know the great initial stability of broad, shallow ships. Mr. Kemp showed that it would be possible to design a vessel of the same displacement as the *Vanessa* and carrying the same amount of lead which would have a metacentric height of eight feet—or, in other words, would have marvellous stability in light breezes, and would consequently be able to carry a huge spread of canvas. In bad weather such a vessel would possibly be dangerous, and not improbably might roll her mast out; but the great majority of yacht races are sailed in light breezes, and for fair-weather sailing the broad yacht would be admirably suited. Displacement measurement might, therefore, result in the predominance of vessels of a bad type, fast in smooth water, but vile in a seaway, and for this excellent reason English yachtsmen are little likely to accept it; but, though simple displacement measurement must be rejected, it seems clear that any good system of measurement for racing purposes must rest on displacement. A system of this kind Mr. Dixon Kemp proposed when previously treating the subject, and he now reverts to it. According to this, the rating was to be "derived from the expression  $D \times M \times G$ ,"  $D$  indicating the displacement, and  $M \times G$  the metacentric height. For such a method there is much to be said; but, strange to say, Mr. Dixon Kemp now rejects it, and proposes another in which the displacement is not taken into account. We greatly prefer his first plan; but we do not propose now to discuss the question, as it would be impossible to consider it adequately without entering into mathematics, for which we have not space. We hope to treat the matter from a mathematical point of view at a future time. At present it is sufficient to say that a rating by sail-carrying power, if this can be truly ascertained, appears the best yet proposed, as it could not be easily evaded, or "cheated," to use the common expression, and as it would give full scope to the skill and knowledge of naval architects, who, if it obtained, would be able to design their vessels with a view merely to getting the best possible type, and would not be trammelled by an arbitrary rule, the practical result of which is greatly to restrict design. There are, no doubt, considerable difficulties in the way of finding the displacement of a yacht, but these are not greater than might well be overcome for the sake of getting a really satisfactory system which would leave no ground for serious complaint; and we trust, therefore, that the suggested method may receive the attention it undoubtedly deserves. As we have said, the present system, which is open to much of the criticism which was bestowed on the old one, cannot last long. The want of a rational method becomes every day more obvious. Rating by sail-carrying power appears the most rational method yet suggested; and it should not be forgotten that, if designers were left free, the result of their efforts to surpass each other in the production of the best possible vessel might be valu-

able to many besides those interested in yacht-racing, and might have an important and beneficial influence on ship-building.

In spite, then, of the recent enactment of a new rule, it is likely that the attention of the Y.R.A. will before long be given to this question. To another question of a very different nature, but of almost equal importance to yachtsmen, their attention may also be profitably given. This is the advisableness of altering or sweeping away the luffing rule, which, although it represents an old yachting regulation, is bad in principle, and is likely in these days of keen competition to cause disaster. The rule of the road at sea says, in accordance with obvious reason and common sense, that when one vessel is overtaking another, she shall keep out of the way of the overtaken vessel, and that the latter shall keep her course. The rule of the Y.R.A. says that a vessel may "luff as she pleases to prevent another yacht passing to windward." The words might, perhaps, have been better chosen; but it would be superfluous to enter into verbal criticism when the principle of a rule is open to the gravest objection. The rule, it is to be observed, is not merely at variance with the law, but diametrically opposed to the law. The rule of the road says that the overtaken vessel is to keep her course; the yachting rule says that she may get in the way of the overtaking vessel if the latter attempts to pass her to windward. It is just possible that, in civil proceedings arising from a collision due to this regulation, a judge might hold that the owners had by implication agreed to sail under yachting rules, and that the rule of the road did not apply; but the law does not recognize agreements, express or implied, to risk or sacrifice life; and, if a sailing-master, by recklessly luffing across another vessel's bows, brought about an accident which caused death, it would be useless for him to plead in a criminal court that he was right according to yachting rules. We have, then, this marvellous state of things—that a man might be sentenced to penal servitude for life for doing what the code of the Y.R.A. specially authorizes him to do. Such a dangerous anomaly ought not to be allowed to continue, and it is to be further observed that there are good grounds for contending that, besides being opposed to the law, the rule is bad in itself. The object of a yacht-race is that the best yacht should win, not that sailing-masters should indulge in petty manoeuvres. If one yacht can pass another to windward, it is because she sails the better of the two. It is true that she stops her antagonist when she takes her wind; but, to do this with the wind abeam or before the beam, she must get into her antagonist's weather-beam, or weather-bow; or, in other words, must sail faster than her antagonist. The case is somewhat different when the wind is on the quarter; but not nearly so much injustice would be done by refusing to allow the leading vessel, under these circumstances, to luff, as is done by the present rule, under which a slow vessel which has got ahead by mere good luck is often able to stop a fast one for a considerable time. It is greatly to be hoped, then, that this rule may shortly receive the attention of the Y.R.A. and of its Council, who have a rare opportunity of establishing a lasting reputation as beneficent legislators, as they may be able to establish a scientific method of measuring yachts, and may bring yachting rules into accordance with the law.

#### RESULTS OF THE SIX PER CENT. RATE.

THE rise in the Bank rate of discount to 6 per cent. has effected its purpose more rapidly than even the most sanguine expected. The rate was advanced three weeks ago on Monday. On that day nearly a million sterling in gold was taken out for Paris, and the drain for that city continued for the greater part of the week; consequently it was expected that on the following Thursday the rate would be again put up 1 per cent. But the Directors decided otherwise, and on Friday the current changed. In the following fortnight about 1,400,000*l.* in gold was sent into the Bank, and since then a further sum of 216,000*l.* has gone in, making a total sent into the Bank since the rate was raised 1,613,000*l.*, while 600,000*l.* or 700,000*l.* is on the way. The total amount taken from the Bank of England for Paris, in consequence of the panic on the Bourse, was 2,400,000*l.*; so that already the rise in the Bank rate has either actually brought back, or is bringing back, very nearly as much gold as the panic took for Paris. Few people, as we have already said, expected that the rise in the rate would have proved effective so promptly, while the majority feared that it would fail altogether of its object. Some critics indeed argued that the scarcity of gold had become so great that the Bank would be obliged to raise its rate again, and perhaps a second time, before it would be able to replenish its stock of bullion. They pointed out that the Italian Loan contractors are obliged to obtain gold, even at their own loss, under their contract with the Italian Government. They observed also that Paris in consequence of the panic could not part with any of its gold; and they urged that New York was as little willing as either Paris or the Italian Loan contractors to let go any of the bullion it held. They concluded, therefore, that the Bank of England with a 6 per cent. rate would not be able to obtain enough of gold, and that consequently it would have been wiser, and indeed was imperative, for the Directors to put up their rate more quickly. The short experience of three weeks has refuted all these arguments. The replenishment of the Bank's stock of gold is such that the Bank reserve has been raised this week to almost 12½ millions, and next week there is every appearance that it will be increased still further. The reasoners to whom we are referring



forgot that gold, like every other commodity, is to be bought, and that the country which is willing and able to pay the best price for it always obtains whatever quantity it requires. England, being the richest country, is always able to pay the best price, and therefore there is never any real difficulty as to her gold reserve. Of course, until experience settled the point, a doubt was allowable as to the exact price which would have to be paid. But experience has now shown that the 6 per cent. rate was sufficient. Circumstances were more favourable to the Bank than these reasoners supposed. The panic in Paris was a much smaller affair than people in general were willing to believe. It was confined to the Bourse altogether, and a Bourse panic, unlike a banking or a commercial panic, never has very great results. A comparatively small amount of gold, therefore, was sufficient to restore confidence; and, as it happened, the existence of a double standard enables the Bank of France to keep what gold it obtains without putting up its rate. The Bank of France had two objects to pursue at the same time—to retain the gold it had obtained, and thereby to inspire confidence, and, at the same time, to keep down as much as practicable the value of money, so as to enable the brokers on the Bourse and the speculators to liquidate their engagements on the easiest terms possible. It has been able to effect both purposes by the fact that silver and gold are alike legal tender in France, and, consequently, that it need not pay out gold unless it pleases. At the same time, the New York Money Market was fortunately easy, and was in a position to spare a considerable amount of gold for Europe. Through this combination of circumstances the Bank of England has been able to obtain the gold it required at the comparatively low price which has been paid for it.

Owing partly to the changes made in the collection of the revenue by Lord Sherbrooke when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Bank of England in this quarter of the year always has a greater command over the outside market than at any other season. The revenue payments are from the beginning of January to the end of March larger than in any other three months, and consequently the outside market is paying in money to the Bank of England. This circumstance no doubt largely contributed to the success of the 6 per cent. rate, since it gave the Bank a greater command than it otherwise would have had over the outside market, and it is continuing to make money somewhat dearer than it otherwise would be. The outside market is worse supplied with loanable capital than at other times of the year, and the Bank of England is better supplied. Consequently bill discounters, to carry on their business, are obliged to apply to the Bank of England more largely than under other circumstances they would have to do. And this state of things will continue till the end of next month; in other words, the Bank of England will have a greater command over the outside market, and consequently will be better able to maintain the value of money. In other years this artificial state of things would be prejudicial; but, as it happens, it is advantageous just now. It is desirable in the interests of trade that the Bank of England should now have a large command over the money market, and Mr. Lowe's arrangement gives it that command for the moment. The arrangement in itself is objectionable for many reasons, as it was objectionable when first introduced; but for once in a way it is working advantageously just now. The improvement in trade which has been steadily going on for two years and a half is also tending to keep the outside market bare of supplies, and, therefore, to augment the command of the Bank of England over it. Every improvement in trade tends to augment the demand for currency—tends, therefore, to induce the country bankers to withdraw from London the balances they usually keep here in order to employ them in the country. It tends, therefore, to withdraw supplies from the London outside market, and thus to make the position of the Bank of England more preponderant than in times of bad trade; and the country bankers have of late been withdrawing balances from London somewhat freely, and employing them at home. The panic in Paris, and the drain that instantly set in of gold from London to Paris, also largely contributed to the command acquired by the Bank of England over the outside market. The great financial houses of Paris as a rule keep large amounts of money in London, which they employ in discount of bills, in advances upon the Stock Exchange, and in investments here generally. When the panic broke out these great houses were obliged to call in the money they thus employ as largely as they could, and to send it over to Paris partly to strengthen their own position there, and partly to aid in upholding the Bourse. To some extent also, of course, those houses raised money in London for the same purposes and withdrew it. By this means the outside market in London was rendered artificially bare of supplies, and the command of the Bank of England over the outside market was in consequence further augmented. The result of all this combination of circumstances, as we have already seen, has been to make the rise of the Bank rate to 6 per cent. promptly efficient in bringing gold hither from all quarters, and consequently to replenish the reserve of the Bank of England. For some little time there has been a general expectation in the outside market that the Bank rate would go down; in fact, the discount rate in the outside market has fallen away very considerably. For a few days after the Bank rate was put up, the rate in the outside market was maintained nearly as high; but

gradually it has been falling until, in the early part of this week, it was little more than 4½ per cent., while full three months' Bank bills were freely discounted in some quarters as low as 4¼ per cent.; in other words, the rate of discount in the outside market was fully 1½ per cent. lower than the official minimum of the Bank of England. The Bank of England could hardly, therefore, maintain its rate, and on Thursday, consequently, it reduced its rate to 5 per cent., the Banks of France and Belgium likewise lowering their rates. Still we are inclined to think that the outside rate has fallen lower than it ought to have done. The return of the French money which was taken to Paris by the panic has led to too great a competition amongst bill discounters, and has lowered the rate too quickly. In the meantime the interest charged for loans is maintained; indeed, the position of the short loan market in London this week in this respect presented the curious anomaly that, while the discount rate was fully, as we have said, 1½ per cent. below the Bank rate, the interest paid for short loans of five days or a week was fully up to the Bank rate. Thus bill brokers were borrowing money from the Bank of England, and the great joint-stock and private banks at 6 per cent., and were employing that money in discounting bills at 4½ per cent., and sometimes under. This is a perilous kind of business, and unless the interest on short loans rapidly descends, the brokers will suffer heavy losses.

The experience we have now had of the efficiency of the 6 per cent. Bank rate, in spite of all that is said of the scarcity of gold and of the international struggle for gold, ought to convince bimetallicists that this country at least is not likely to suffer seriously through gold becoming scarce. Rich countries can always buy whatever they require of any commodity, and England being the richest of countries can have as much gold as it pleases, and when it pleases. In spite of the panic in Paris, of the Italian preparations for resumption of specie payments, and all the demands from so many quarters for gold, three short weeks have seen the Bank of England replenish its stock of bullion, and raise its reserve more than two millions. And, although under other circumstances a 6 per cent. rate might not be equally effective, we have full assurance that some rate will be effective, and that England need never fear a scarcity of gold. Gold, in fact, will flow to the market where its use is most profitable, and that market is found in London. No doubt the United States and France are also rich enough to obtain as much gold as they may require, and they, therefore, like England, are justified in maintaining a gold standard. But poor countries like Italy, Germany, and some others are not so justified. They suffer serious loss by affecting to compete with countries so much more powerful in resources than themselves. Italy at present is so little prepared for a gold currency that, though she has a considerable amount of gold for which she is paying a heavy interest, she does not dare to put that gold in circulation, knowing that it would instantly flow away to London.

## REVIEWS.

### HUXLEY'S SCIENCE AND CULTURE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has done well, we think, to put in the forefront of this new collection of essays the address delivered by him at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's College at Birmingham, and to mark the volume as a whole with its particular title. For the relation of that way of looking at human life and knowledge which we sum up in the word Science to that other way of looking at them which we sum up in the word Culture is one of the most serious and deeply interesting matters which the present generation has to consider; and it would be difficult to find any one man better qualified than Professor Huxley to put us in the way of fruitful thinking about it. Men of letters and scholars may be inclined, perhaps, to demur to this. Professor Huxley, as we all know, is nothing if not a spokesman of science. And there is a kind of ideal scientific man who is hateful to the old-fashioned scholar, and more hateful, if possible, to the newer priests and prophets of culture. He is generally pictured, we believe, as red-haired, loud-voiced, and obtrusive, a dogmatic materialist, a despiser of all the Humanities, and a scorner of antiquity. There are persons for whom it may not be superfluous to point out that, whether there be or be not men of science truly living and walking the earth who answer this description, Professor Huxley at all events does not. We are only saying that which is known to all men who have seen and heard him lecture when we say that he is not red-haired or otherwise of savage appearance, and is a judicious and persuasive speaker. That he is not a dogmatic materialist, or a materialist of any kind, but, on the contrary, fully appreciates the methods and value of philosophical speculation, may be collected from his writings by any one who will read them with moderate understanding and attention. One or both of these conditions have been wanting in a good many of his readers, if we may judge from the manner in which Professor Huxley is spoken of by a certain kind of second and third-rate philosophical critics; but that is not the writer's fault. These criticisms proceed, we suspect, from an opinion that it is a grievous trespass for a physiologist

\* *Science and Culture; and other Essays.* By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

to meddle with metaphysical questions, that the trespass is aggravated if he shows that he understands them, and that it becomes unpardonable if he expresses himself more lucidly than the people who speak professionally on such matters. And certainly they have some provocation. It must be mortifying to find that they have spent their energies to so little purpose in making the English language an instrument of sufficient obscurity for the expression of their own tortuous thinking. Neither is Professor Huxley a scorner of antiquity. He rejoices to follow the precept of the son of Sirach, to praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. More than once he has exalted Descartes, and he has spoken excellent things of Berkeley. And as for the Humanities, Professor Huxley shows in this volume that he has Greek enough to bring his physiology to bear on the very text of Aristotle, and thereby rescue Aristotle from an imputation of grave error under which he has been allowed to lie by all the commentators. Clearly we cannot find in Professor Huxley the groes, uncultivated, and arrogant man of science whom some people delight to set up as a bugbear. If we do not at all points agree with him as to the respective claims of science and culture in education, or the possibilities of philosophy, we by no means see our way to justifying the disagreement by the simple and easy process of dismissing his opinion as incompetent.

Professor Huxley's position as to the claims of the natural sciences on the one hand and the Humanities on the other—of the "modern" and the "classical" plan of education, as they are commonly called—is, on the whole, if we rightly collect his meaning, something like this. The mediæval system of European universities, which with more or less minor diversity was in substance the same everywhere, embraced everything which to the best men of its day seemed best worth a man's knowing, and deserves our thanks and praise according to its time and work. But it became stereotyped and inexpressive. It was too narrow to hold the flood of new knowledge and interests let loose upon the world by the revival of classical learning. The Renaissance, in so far as it affected education, was the protest of far-sighted reformers against the bondage of mediævalism. The Humanities fought their pitched battle against the scholastic curriculum, and won it. Our present classical education represents the triumph of the *liberal humaniores* three centuries and a half ago. But the Humanities, like the scholastic system before them, have in their turn become stereotyped. Now science has arisen and opened a new world, unfamiliar to the men of classical traditions, and often scorned by them; and science is fighting its way to its proper eminence as Greek did in the days of Erasmus. The leaders of science are the true Humanists of our own time, and the old-fashioned Humanities must give place to them. Now, if we were prepared to assume, as Professor Huxley to some extent seems tacitly to assume, that classical education had reached its final development, and that nothing more was to come out of scholarship and antiquities than was got out of them by English scholars forty or fifty years ago, we should entirely agree with Professor Huxley's conclusions. But, for our part, we are not prepared to assume anything of the kind. There are matters not adverted to by Professor Huxley, and to which, as they certainly lie outside his business, his attention may naturally have not been directed, which appear to us necessary to be taken into account before we acquiesce in the view of Science and Humanism as two litigant parties, or attempt to pass a final judgment upon their alleged strife.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but Professor Huxley has underrated the strength and the victories of science. They are not confined to the bounds of natural history or physics, or to any or every branch of what we call the natural sciences. The modern spirit of science is too mighty and subtle not to penetrate into every region of the field of human knowledge. It is transforming and re-quickening the Humanities themselves; and we make bold to say that classical studies, so far from waning before the light of science, are awakening and waxing to a new Renaissance of which not we, but our children and children's children, will see the full splendour. What is it that Sir Josiah Mason's foundation excludes, and in Professor Huxley's judgment rightly, from the benefits and encouragement of his bounty? "Mere literary education and instruction," such mere drilling in language as until a recent date was understood to be the staple of our so-called classical learning. But our Universities are now awake to the truth that knowledge of the ancient languages is an instrument, not an end in itself. The end is another kind of knowledge, and knowledge not undeserving to be compared for worth with the knowledge of things and of nature. It is the knowledge of man in the works of his hands and his thought, of the men from whom we inherit our laws, our art, and our civilization; the praise of famous men, and our fathers that begat us. Socrates and Plato, the fathers of philosophy; Pericles, the father of statesmanship; Alexander, the father of conquering civilization; Ulpian and Papinian, the fathers of scientific law; Trajan and the Antonines, of administration and government; Homer, the father of poetry; Phidias and Praxiteles, of sculpture—these last the masters of all followers in their craft until this day—and Aristotle, the father of science itself; surely of these men and their work we cannot know too much, and even a little knowledge of them would be ill exchanged, for a man who does not mean to be a chemist, for a little knowledge of the atomic weights of elements.

But this, some one will say, is not what comes of our so-called classical education; what we get from our classical teachers is only verse-grinding, scraps and odds and ends of half-understood Latin and Greek, and a general contempt for knowledge that is not of

Latin and Greek. This has been only too true; but we hope it will not be true much longer. Cambridge, the head and front of the old verbal scholarship, is transforming her classical curriculum. Not through mere linguistic attainments, but through scientific philology, scientific archaeology, scientific study of ancient history and philosophy, will henceforth lie the road to her highest honour. We shall no longer have accomplished classical scholars who stand mute before a coin or an inscription, and cannot tell a work of the school of Phidias or Praxiteles from a late Asiatic or Roman imitation. Let the teachers of natural science look to it on their side that their own special studies do not degenerate into mere book-work, such barren catalogues of undigested facts and such an empty show of paper knowledge as Professor Huxley lifts up no uncertain voice against. Then, when at last a true and lively knowledge of man and of his history goes hand in hand with a true and lively knowledge of nature and her works, our schools will produce results worthy of their noble means, and science and culture will be no longer names to bandy in controversy, but firm and inseparable allies. Science has come upon our Humanists as from a region of mystery, like the nameless champion of the legend, clad in magical armour and wielding invincible weapons. But the champion is a friend and deliverer; well for them that receive him, and ill for them that in rashness and little faith repel him. But is there not already a working alliance? Are modern philology and archaeology "mere literary education and instruction"? We conceive not; and we call Professor Huxley himself to witness. In his Aberdeen address he expresses the wish that there should be a Professorship of Fine Arts in every University, and that its functions should somehow be regularly connected with the Arts curriculum. We are happy to think that this is exactly what is being done, or in a fair way to be done, at Cambridge. The study of classical antiquity through classical art is there rapidly becoming a living and working branch of the general classical studies of the University. But this, some one will again say, is dreaming of the future. Are we satisfied with the present? Are we content that there should be University dignitaries who do not know one end of the solar spectrum from the other, and bishops who show their competence to criticize biological theories by supposing that the blood-corpuscles are formed by coagulation after death? We answer, unquestionably not. We hold that the elements of natural knowledge should be an integral part of general education. But we would make room for them—as we have already said on other occasions—not by ceasing to teach the Humanities, but by teaching them better.

We have been carried away, we perceive, by the subject that most interested us, and have said nothing of the excellent scientific and biological essays which follow Professor Huxley's discourses on University education. But the matter of these is, or ought to be, pretty fresh in the public memory, and for the present we shall confine ourselves to brief comment on one or two philosophical propositions enounced or implied in the Belfast address on Animal Automatism and the discourse on Sensation and the Sensitive Organs. In the Belfast address Professor Huxley speaks as follows:—

It is experimentally demonstrable—any one who cares to run a pin into himself may perform a sufficient demonstration of the fact—that a mode of motion of the nervous system is the immediate antecedent of a state of consciousness. All but the adherents of "Occasionalism," or of the doctrine of "Pre-established Harmony" (if any such now exist), must admit that we have as much reason for regarding the mode of motion of the nervous system as the cause of the state of consciousness as we have for regarding any event as the cause of another. How the one phenomenon causes the other we know as much, or as little, as in any other case of causation; but we have as much right to believe that the sensation is an effect of the molecular change as we have to believe that motion is an effect of impact; and there is as much propriety in saying that the brain evolves sensation as there is in saying that an iron rod, when hammered, evolves heat.

Does this mean simply that for the purposes of science, as the systematic description of phenomena happening in the world of our common experience, we are entitled to use the kind of language commonly called materialistic; and, further, that science includes not only the physiology of sensation, but the physiology of the higher and more complex feelings, in other words psychology? If so, we agree. Moreover, we think Plato would have agreed; at least so we have always inferred from a certain physiological passage in the *Timæus*. It is no question of thinking that Fichte would have agreed, for over and over again he has said as much in the plainest terms. But is it further implied that this cuts the knot of the truly metaphysical problem which lies behind? We have no right to assume that Professor Huxley means this; we think, indeed, that the assumption is excluded by what he said some years earlier under the title of *The Physical Basis of Life*; but, if such were the meaning, we could not agree. For the statement, if proposed as a solution, is no solution; it contains two opposite and equally plausible ways of regarding the facts, and does not help to decide between them. Every word of it is double-edged. If a mode of motion in a nerve may be the cause of a state of consciousness, so may a state of consciousness be the cause of motion in a nerve. If we may say that the brain evolves sensation as the hammered iron evolves heat, then no less may we say that, as the heat of a flame produces motion in the surrounding air, so does a man's will produce a physical change in his motor nerves. For all common purposes of life we do freely use both forms of expression alike, as one or the other is convenient; and we are fully justified in so doing, so long as we do not fancy that either of them is philosophical. For scientific purposes it is more convenient, as Professor Huxley says in the later discourse,



to regard feeling as the effect of motion, the inward as caused by the outward event. But we may reverse this order whenever it suits us, and the metaphysical problem remains just where it was.

The one form of speech is as much and as little materialistic as the other. In both we have tacitly assumed mind, matter, and cause to be known and understood terms. But it is precisely the task of metaphysic to analyse these terms unsparingly, and find out how much or how little we can really understand of them. We have assumed mind and matter to be two things of different sorts, but equally real things, and, so to speak, on the same level. It is the task of metaphysic to dissect that assumption. Professor Huxley allows clearly enough that such analysis is valuable and necessary to deliver us from crude thinking and the false conceit of certainty. He seems to think also that these critical results are the only possible results of the process; an opinion which for our part we do not hold, though it would be too long to dispute it now.

#### A NEW HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.\*

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S preface to his two ponderous volumes which bear the name of *A New History of the English Stage* is in some ways remarkable, and not least for the free and seemingly irrational use made in it of italics. "This 'New History of the English Stage,'" he writes, "will, I think, be found fairly warranted in claiming novelty, being new both in its plan, treatment, and materials. Preceding accounts, such as those of Dibdin and Dr. Doran, are chiefly concerned with the accounts of the dramatists, plays, and actors, in which the public has been of late years thoroughly instructed." Mr. Fitzgerald goes on to say with great kindness that such matter as this is doubtless entertaining, but that to understand the stage and its growth as a social element something further is necessary. This is, according to him, "to consider its titles, pedigrees, patents, licences, and other official documents, which, as in the case of the history of a town or castle, will best show its rise and the various changes it has undergone." This plan, he is certain, will be found acceptable as being "the most scientific and certain, besides having analogy with the schemes of histories of other subjects." There is a charming vagueness, not uncommon in Mr. Fitzgerald's writings, about this. Why should it be an advantage, supposing that the author had carried out his "plan" even better than he has done, that the history of a special subject should be written on the same lines as those of other subjects? And what analogy could there be between his history of the stage and the history, let us say, of the English People as given by Mr. Green, or the history of the Crayfish as given by Professor Huxley? However, "in this view," we are told with fresh italics, "the following account has been written, in which almost every document of importance relating to the stage will be found set out." This seems a somewhat bold assertion, but we have no sort of wish to underrate the pains which Mr. Fitzgerald must have taken to collect all the documents with which he presents us in a somewhat unwieldy form. But more than pains of this kind is wanted for the making of such a book as he has apparently aimed at making—a book of permanent value and interest as the continuous history from one definite period to another of the English stage. No doubt most of the papers which the author has unearthed from various sources will be, as he says (again in italics), *new to the general reader*. But, unluckily, "the general reader" is about the last person to be fascinated with official papers put before him in their entirety and without as much attempt at co-ordination as might have been wished, while both the student of dramatic literature and "the general reader" may find a good deal that is not "new" in the lighter passages of the book. As it stands the work is an odd mixture of dry official records and of stage anecdote new and old, which is not always set down with too much care, and which is disfigured by the writer's seemingly incurable tricks of style, among which we may class his habit of giving shallow opinions on extraneous matters—such as, for instance, the character of King Charles II.—with an amusing air of dogmatism. It is, however, only fair to say in these preliminary remarks that the author has without doubt diligently collected a good deal of documentary matter of interest. We might, however, borrowing from the old form of declaration, add, "yet so unskillfully and negligently did the author arrange and put together the said documentary matter that" we could wish either that it had fallen into other hands, or that he had set about arranging it in some other way. He might, for instance, have done better if he had published the documents in their chronological order, with just as many connecting remarks as were necessary, and had kept his discursive and skipping observations about them and about many other things for a separate publication. But, after all, we ought perhaps to be but little astonished at any shortcomings, or any want of perception and appreciation, on the part of the writer of that curiously unwise book concerning the great Dumas, the name of which is thrust upon our attention on the page opposite the title-page of the present volumes.

\* *A New History of the English Stage, from the Restoration to the Liberty of the Theatres, in connection with the Patent Houses.* From Original Papers in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, the State Paper Office, and other sources. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "The Life of George the Fourth," "The Life of Garrick," &c. 2 Vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

The author begins in his first chapter with "The Cockpit," and in his third comes to "The Restoration Theatres." Here he has some remarks which are typical of the odd and unpleasant confusion of his method and style. He observes that up to this time "the primitive arrangement of the stage on which Shakspeare and his actors exhibited themselves had endured. The original, and no doubt true, principle of a stage performance seemed to be that the players should represent the characters and carry out the story by dialogue, the power of the author and of the actor supplying all that was necessary." The very slipshod statement about the players representing the characters and carrying out the story "by dialogue" may perhaps pass by dint of "the power of the reader supplying all that is necessary" to the meaning. But the odd self-contradictions and inconsequences that follow are less easily explained away. "Custom and education," the author writes, "have familiarized us to the existing arrangement; but if a person who had never been inside a theatre was introduced for the first time to one of our modern sumptuous spectacles, with its flat surfaces and high painting, its glittering Dutch metal, square holes in the floor up which the characters ascend or descend, he would certainly conceive that some kaleidoscopic world was before him, but nothing that reproduced the world about him. That there is nothing delusive or any more than what is convenient in these arrangements may be fairly assumed." What the meaning of this may be we confess ourselves at a loss to understand; but the author goes on to tell us that there is no connexion between artificial light and acting, although there are many who might think them inseparable, and consider that acting "without lamps would entail the sacrifice of stage delusion. This goes to the root of the matter." What, we may pause to ask, goes to the root of what matter? "There was as much dramatic enjoyment," Mr. Fitzgerald asserts in continuation, "when the play began at four o'clock in broad daylight," and very likely he is right, although he can hardly be speaking from personal recollection; "and those who have witnessed the recent Ammergau performances, given at noon, have admitted with surprise that they were introduced to a new and higher class of delusion"—the author constantly writes delusion for illusion—"beside which the greatest efforts of the moderns seemed a magic-lantern effect." The author goes on to say that as painted scenes were ineffective by daylight, "so the mere exhibition of characters and simple acting admitted of performance in the daytime," and that no one who has followed the development of scenic appliances since the days of Davenant can help admitting "that these triumphs have been purchased at the expense of dramatic art." In the very next sentence, like the German professor who said of the giant that he was also a dwarf, Mr. Fitzgerald turns round upon us with, "It is extraordinary that this department of the English stage should have long remained in so primitive and barbarous a state," and in the next sentence to that suggests that the barbarity may have been the result of a wholesome intellectual taste. What the author is driving at it is by no means easy to discover, nor do we follow the connexion of ideas when, having given an amusing account of some mechanical illusions shown in a Roman theatre in 1698, he says, "Bearing all this in mind, it becomes easy to understand the character of a performance, and also what kind of aspect a theatre presented before the introduction of scenery."

In following chapters we have Killigrew's and Davenant's patents set out, and some curious extracts from Downes the prompter's "Sketches and Notes," and then we get on to a chapter called "The Actresses." In this there is an odd digression condemning some of the pictures at Hampton Court. In a country like this the foreigner, Mr. Fitzgerald thinks, might smile at being taken to see "a large room in one of the royal palaces where all the notorious favourites of this (Charles the Second's) reign, including the fortunate orange-girl, are represented in bewitching and even poetical costume." For the rest the title of the chapter is misleading, since it deals almost entirely with "the fortunate orange-girl." By far the best chapter in the first volume is that headed "Bettor and his Fellow-Performers," and its value lies chiefly in the long and interesting extracts from Cibber. The first volume ends with some account of Rich and his pantomimes, and the second opens with various matters which point to the disorderly state of theatrical audiences circ. 1720. Why in this chapter the author has gone out of his way to tell over again the well-known story of Savage is best known to himself. In a later chapter on the Fleetwood management of Drury Lane the author has some sensible remarks on the Licensing Act:—

But as the Licensing Act and the licensers' doings have been objected to—described as an anachronism—it has been shown to have been an absolute necessity as a restraint in reserve. Nor was it ever so necessary as at present, with the amazing quantity of theatres, places of entertainment, and music-halls, the performances being shaded off imperceptibly into more correct and classical plays. With the competition and difficulty of "hitting the public taste," license of a gross and personal kind would be certain to set in, for which an action at law would be too uncertain and slow a remedy. A modern instance will show how easily this could be developed. One of the wittiest and liveliest dramatic writers of our day some years ago brought out a parody in which three leading statesmen, represented to the life, were shown visiting the Elysian Fields. The effect was most diverting and successful. Nothing in the direction of farce could have excited more genuine fun and merriment. But it is easy to see that that would have been a point of departure. The mine would have been worked, the stage filled with ridiculous pictures of eccentricity, and, as it reached the inferior houses, coarser and grosser portraits would have been exhibited. The Censor wisely interposed.

With this we cordially agree, as also with what Mr. Fitzgerald says in the next page of certain pieces which give a picture of life behind the scenes:—

This topic of the stage should always be sacred on the stage, and it is as undignified in the performers who ridicule it as disrespectful to the audience. In private life people are recommended never to tell jests or stories against themselves, the result of which is only a loss of respect. And when prompter and carpenter and call-boy come forward in their habit as they lived, and an interior of the green-room is presented, the vacant laugh is indeed produced, and some curiosity is gratified, but it is at the expense of much contempt.

In the chapter headed "Macklin and Quin" we have an account of Macklin's unhappily fatal scuffle with an actor named Hallam about a wig, and we have also the well-known story of Macklin's first appearance as Shylock. Shortly after this comes the Garrick period; and from this point to the end, which comes down to within living memory, the work may be said to run more smoothly and amusingly than it has done before. We have ourselves conscientiously read through Mr. Fitzgerald's two—we might spell it too—ponderous volumes. Had he taken twice as much pains as he has done with his writing, and cut down the volumes to less than half their present length, their value would, we think, have been a good deal more than doubled. As it is, they cannot be said to fulfil adequately the purpose announced in the preface. Nor is the task which we have completed one which we can "recommend to a friend."

#### TWO ATLASES.\*

THE plates of his "London Atlas" were, Mr. Stanford informs us, begun by that excellent cartographer, the late Mr. John Arrowsmith, but left unfinished by him. There is certainly no mark either of want of finish or of obsolete information in the Atlas as it appears. It is perhaps as ingeniously completed up to the present moment as any that has ever been published. As a proof of this it may be mentioned that not only is the concession of the North Borneo Company duly coloured as English, but the coast region of Bolivia, which has only during the last few weeks formally passed into the hands of Chili, appears as joined to that enterprising Republic, and Bolivia is exhibited to the world as more than ever deserving its second and more sensible title of "Upper Peru." Besides this, the very arrangement of the maps themselves shows that they have been not merely adapted, but created, for their present purpose. This is the great difficulty of atlases, that though the old plates may be carefully re-engraved, the actual design of them sometimes becomes unsuitable, and more often insufficient. In some cases Mr. Stanford may be thought to have been in proportion too lavish, as, for instance, in the allotment of an entire map to Ceylon, of another to Tasmania, and of a third to Fiji. But two of his maps deserve especial mention, because they may be looked for in vain not merely in atlases of similar size and price, but in much larger and more expensive ones. Nothing probably has contributed more to the apathy with which Englishmen hear Central Asian questions discussed than the non-appearance in most atlases of any map of the district on a sufficient scale. Even where Askabad and Sarakhs, Charjui and Merv, Krasnovodsk and Kizil Arvat, are to be discovered elsewhere than by guesswork on a map of Asia of some hundreds of miles to the inch, their relation to each other and to India has too often to be pieced out of different maps. In this "London Atlas" there are two excellent maps of Eastern and Western Turkestan respectively. The latter gives the whole Transcaspien region as far as Bokhara and Fort Orenburg, with sufficient admission of Persia and Afghanistan to exhibit the relations of things clearly. The former gives Chinese Tartary, the important and little known regions of Kafiristan and Pamir, and the Russian provinces adjacent, again with sufficient admission of Afghanistan and of India proper to show the bearings. Five minutes spent over these two maps would be an invaluable preparation for members of Parliament before the next discussion on Central Asian affairs. A very good word must also be spoken for the map of China, which is extended so as to take in Thibet, and the mysterious regions (trodden chiefly by Colonel Prjevalsky and the only wild camels left in the world) which extend north-westwards from it towards Turkestan and Kuldja. Whether Hindustan itself does not get rather scant accommodation in its single map, which is scaled so as to take in everything from Gilgit to Galle and from Kurrachee to Moulmein, may be a question. But the peninsula is very hard from its shape to divide into two sheets, and three would be too much to expect from an atlas of moderate size and price. The selection of the maps, as a rule, appears to us decidedly judicious. We are, however, inclined to regret the absence of the old-fashioned hemispheres. "Mercator" is very valuable, no doubt; but in a hasty glance by a person who is not on his guard (and it must be remembered that atlases are intended rather for momentary reference than for study), the inevitable "spreading" of the higher latitudes gives a very misleading impression. On the other hand, the orographical and hydrographical maps of the British Isles, though pretty and fashionable toys, strike us as more pretty and fashionable than useful. There is an excellent map of Africa, probably the most complete which has ever found a home in an atlas of this size; and it is sup-

plemented by an enlarged map of South Africa. But we miss a similarly enlarged map of the African shores of the Mediterranean, the political importance of which is great, and, unfortunately, not likely to decrease. Fiji or Tasmania might perhaps have gracefully retired into the corner of one of the other sheets to make room for this. So, again, we cannot but think that, instead of Italy having two sheets and the Balkan peninsula but one, the proportion had better have been reversed. The result of the actual arrangement is that much of the North-Italian sheet is wasted by the duplication of Switzerland and Austria, while the eastern peninsula is very decidedly "skipped." As a proof of this, it may be noted that the site of the present disturbances in Dalmatia and the Herzegovina is not to be found either in the Turkish map, or the Austrian map, or the Italian map. However, we are perfectly well aware of the amount of generalship required to arrange a good atlas, and of the fact that it is almost unavoidable to sacrifice something somewhere. Mr. Stanford's general plan seems to have been to consult British interests more particularly, and he has done this well. We have already commented on the pains which appear to have been taken to work up the maps to the latest dates; we may add that they are excellent specimens of engraving and colouring, that the great difficulty of marking mountain ranges, &c. without obscuring the names, has been excellently surmounted, and that we have detected very few misprints. As what may be called a medium atlas for general use, something between the cheap but meagre school collections and the elaborate but rather costly and unwieldy library atlases, the "London Atlas" deserves hearty recommendation.

The second part of Messrs. Letts's "Popular Atlas" (which this "British Imperial" really is, though the publishers, apparently with the view of making the volume complete in itself, have repeated some, if not most, of the maps in their "general" series), exhibits more fully than its predecessor the difficulty of making a set of old plates do duty even with the most elaborate addition. We do not see anything to blame in the attempt, but the contrary, for it is extremely improbable that any publisher would face the risk of having an entirely new atlas engraved on the scale of the old Useful Knowledge one, and, if he did, the resulting work would be extremely costly. But the renewal of the old plans requires, in the first place, very careful attention to the working up of details, and, in the second, makes it impossible, even by breaking bounds and overflowing into the margins, to bring things quite up to the mark. Thus there is a capital and useful street map of London here on an ample scale and well worked up. But London, unlike the pantaloons, has so far outgrown the youthful hose of fifty years ago that this map takes in only the extremest east end of Westbourne Grove, beyond which unbroken lines of houses now stretch for miles to the westward. In the same way Haverstock Hill is the limit to the north, while southwards Battersea has its existence barely acknowledged, and nothing beyond the Oval and the Surrey Canal figures at all. However, this cannot be helped, and it is a considerable convenience to get a large-scale map of even lesser London included in an ordinary atlas. The matter becomes more serious when we come to such a country as Afghanistan. India itself is represented here by no less than twelve sheets, and consequently on a far more lavish scale than any other general atlas known to us attempts. But Afghanistan, which is of the first importance now, only squeezes into a corner of one of these, which excludes the whole Herat district, and only gets in Candahar itself by a judicious excursion over the border. This may be partly made up in future divisions of the series, which extends, if we do not mistake, to some two hundred maps in all; but as it stands, it is a fault. Again, the insertion of new details is not always quite careful enough. For instance, the old Union Pacific Railroad is duly marked; but if any reader of Dr. Russell's recent travels turns to this Atlas to trace the traveller's course, he will find to his surprise that the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé line, from Kansas to California, is apparently non-existent. However, it is no doubt a rather gigantic task to work up so large a number of sheets, and it cannot be repeated too often that this collection of Messrs. Letts's has some remarkable advantages. It contains not only the two street maps just mentioned of London, but large-scale plans of Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, and Calcutta, and excellent environ maps of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. Now every one knows that, though these things are attainable enough separately, there is nothing more difficult to keep handy and *on evidence* than loose maps. They do not go conveniently in bookcases, and look untidy if they are put there; if they are arranged on tables, they want endless dusting and arranging. If they are stowed away in drawers, they are certain to get mislaid, except by the most methodical persons. To have them, therefore, bound up in an ordinary atlas is a very great gain. Moreover, the eighty maps of this volume admit, besides ordinary continent and country maps, a great number of subdivisions of England and English possessions. India, as we have said, has no less than twelve separate sheets, besides a general map; England and Wales, with the same addition, have six, Ireland four, Scotland three. Canada has four, Australia three. These subdivisions enable local topography, especially in England, to be given with considerable minuteness; the scale, for instance, of the English counties being twelve miles to an inch. In many ways these maps have been carefully worked up; but there are some deficiencies, especially in reference to roads. It is, however, fair to mention that Messrs. Letts's maps include a vast amount of miscellaneous information which is unquestion-

\* *London Atlas of Universal Geography*. London: E. Stanford. 1882.  
*British Imperial Atlas*. London: Letts & Co. 1882.



ably useful, and which is not easily to be found in similar publications; or, indeed, in any single publication, except an encyclopaedia.

Comparing these two atlases together, the advantage in handiness, in direct adaptation to the wants of the day, and perhaps in absolute accuracy, rests with the "London," as well as that of exhibiting the latest and most finished style of map-engraving. On the other hand, Messrs. Letts's volume is more minute, more multifarious in its information, and has an indubitable advantage in possessing the town maps and environment maps already mentioned. For the man of one atlas who wants it as a companion to his newspaper or his book, to answer sudden questions with rapidity and trustworthiness, perhaps the "London" is to be preferred. For there is, no doubt, one disadvantage attending the cutting up of maps into separate sheets—the necessity, namely, of referring from one to the other, if, as generally happens, the required district is not entirely comprised in one. There are few things more annoying than this. But the "British Popular" quite deserves a place among atlases, and the efforts which its publishers have made to bring it up to date are very creditable to them and far from unsuccessful.

#### BRITISH AND INDEPENDENT BURMA.\*

IT is a pity that this author, who is evidently an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield, did not recollect the epithet by which that statesman, in one of his epigrammatic and sarcastic moods, designated the late Mr. Horsman. The member for Liskeard, he told the House, was a "superior person," and the House was tickled with the saying. Colonel Laurie had far better have contented himself with a simple rendering of his odd title *Ashé Pyee*, which a distinguished Burmese scholar has informed him means "the Eastern Country" and nothing else. Very possibly there may be a more extensive signification of the phrase; but the terms "superior and inferior" applied to wares and properties savour somewhat of advertisements and puffs. It is also impossible to avoid the conclusion that this book, coming so soon after *Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma* by the same author, is more or less got up for the occasion; and our conviction is strengthened by the candid admission in the preface that, had it not been for Ireland, Egypt, the Transvaal, and other little disturbing incidents, the publication would have taken place last summer instead of last autumn. As regards its literary bulk, the author means probably that his work, but for the above-mentioned trifling obstacles, would have ended at page 240; whereas the delay enabled him to ek it out with addenda about South-Western China, the Anglo-Burmese Treaty of 1867, the consumption of opium, the cost of the Burmese and Afghan wars, the manufacture of paper from the bamboo, a French view of Burma, certain glazed jars of Pegu manufacture, and the celebrated *ngapè* or mixture of salt and semi-putrid fish. The style is often as discursive as the chapters. Colonel Laurie held the appointment of Inspector of Schools, by no means an unimportant office, and it is perhaps to his experiences in this capacity that we owe the variety of quotations with which his pages are enlivened. Cousin Feenix, in *Dombey and Son*, had already told us that Shakespeare lived not for an age but for all time, and the same may be said, Colonel Laurie thinks, of the Duke of Wellington. Then we have allusions to or quotations from Balzac, Moore, Sir W. Jones's translation of Hafiz, De Quincey, Spenser's "Jolly June," "The Trail of the Serpent," and an interesting divorce case given in the *Rangoon Times*, where an English wife embraced Buddhism and availed herself of what, in the impressive and forcible language of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rangoon, is "the damnable laxity" of the Burmese code to divorce her husband. In fact, if Mr. Micawber, on leaving an unappreciative country, had betaken himself to Rangoon instead of to an Australian colony, he might have written leaders on Anglo-Burmese topics very much in the style of Colonel Laurie. We are not surprised to find that Colonel Laurie, in his praiseworthy anxiety to obtain a hearing for the great Anglo-Burmese question, should have addressed a letter on the subject to Mr. Gladstone; nor is our astonishment at all increased by the fact that a statesman, "who, with a rare method, finds time for everything," should have sent Colonel Laurie an answer which this gentleman scarcely ventured to expect. Unluckily the burning question of Burma intervened between the two celebrated campaigns in Mid-Lothian, and we are somewhat apprehensive that as yet the Prime Minister has not been able, amidst the multiplicity of his engagements, to find time, as intimated, for an early examination of this work of "great interest and value."

We have read this book with all reasonable care and attention; but, admitting everything that the author states about the climate, the fruitfulness, and the capabilities of Burma, we are still at a loss to say what course exactly he recommends for adoption. War and further annexation, if not absolutely disclaimed, are very dimly foreshadowed; and yet the imagination is fed with anecdotes of the arrogant and ferocious savage who rules at Ava, with the commercial advantages of Upper or Independent Burma as compared with the barren defiles of Afghanistan, with stories of the treasures of gold and silver said to be concealed in the mines

of Yunnan, Szechuen, and Fo-Kyan, with the boundless development of trade, and with a vision of the extinction of our own National Debt. We are warned, also, that if Russia steadily pursues her own projects in Saghalien, Kuldja, and the Pacific and Chinese waters, a good understanding with China will become of supreme political importance. These hints and suggestions are still further improved by anecdotes of the national character, by a very cursory account of the founder of the Buddhist religion, and by a lecture delivered by Sir Arthur Phayre on the prosperity and advancement of our Burmese possessions. We so entirely agree with Colonel Laurie in the estimate of the late Chief Commissioner's ability, high character, and services, that we cannot do better than follow his example, and devote the rest of this paper to a summary of the results of British administration as carried on by the successors of Sir Arthur Phayre. Instead of criticizing in detail Colonel Laurie's disjointed chapters, we take the following facts and figures from the last published official Report of the Administration of British Burma.

The British provinces of Burma, as most readers are aware, were a source of very little profit and of constant anxiety till the second Burmese campaign—begun and ended in eight months—enabled Lord Dalhousie to retain possession of the valley watered by the Sittang and Irrawaddy rivers, and to make the seaboard of the Bay of Bengal on the east as compact and complete a British province as that of Bengal and Madras on the west. At that time it was roughly estimated that the annual revenue of the new acquisition might be 300,000*l.*; or, with the previous annexations of the war of 1824-5, that the Burmese provinces altogether must be worth something under half a million a year. The total net revenue, nearly thirty years after the above estimate was formed, has risen to 2,100,000*l.* About one-fourth of this is derived from the land; the Customs give more than half a million; and the remainder is derivable from stamps, excise, woods and forests, fisheries, and a capitation tax. Though trade, we are informed, increases with almost unexampled rapidity, British Burma is primarily an agricultural country, and "as far as can be foreseen, it is on agriculture that the prosperity of the people and the wealth of the province must always depend." More than three millions of acres are under cultivation; but there is a large area of rich virgin soil awaiting the spade and the plough. Indeed, in respect to agriculture and land revenue, Burma presents a striking contrast to nearly every province of India proper. In other acquisitions our first duty had always been to ascertain the exact limit of conflicting rights and to save threatened interests; to separate the wheat from the chaff of Hindu and Mahomedan systems; to penetrate beneath the surface of feudalism; to decide what respect should be paid to prescription and prejudice; to apportion the liabilities of the village community, the tenant proprietor, and the superior holder; and, in short, to make first a summary and then a regular Settlement as a foundation for the loyalty and contentment of the people, and a basis of our own reforms in every other department. In Burma most of this was unnecessary. The land tenure was simplicity itself. The vast body of the cultivators hold directly from the State, either as landholders, grantees, lessees, or temporary occupants; and the position of each has been clearly defined by statute or agreement. Any cultivator acquires proprietary rights by continuous possession for twelve years; while grantees, lessees, and even yearly occupants retain their lands under certain payments and conditions. Small areas can be taken up by any one on mere application to Native Revenue officers; for larger areas reference is made to the Deputy-Commissioner, that is, to the District Officer or to the Commissioners of Division. There is, no doubt, a freedom from complication in these proceedings, which are based on the unassailable theory that the land in Burma belongs to the State. We have been spared all that animated warfare on paper about the merits of the humble agriculturist and the unjust usurpations of the haughty Talookdar; as well as those antagonistic theories which in India have required a week's sitting of a High Court or a month's session of the Viceroyal Legislature, to reduce to something like a practical shape. But an able administrator in Burma would not be true to his training if he did not direct Settlement operations with a view to the ascertainment of rural and agricultural statistics. Accordingly, we are not surprised to hear that a Code of Directions requires Revenue officers to ascertain all they can about the cost of cultivation, the value of crops, the classification of soils, and the areas held by some hundreds of thousands of occupiers, with their customs and rights. It is interesting to be told that the Burman peasant is allowed to deduct all possible costs of cultivation, including the support of his family, and to retain in addition one-half of the net profits, the other half going to the State. The cultivation of rice, we may add, is carried on much as in Bengal. The spread of cattle disease has been checked; and we note that, as a proof of advancement, instances of the relation of ordinary landlord and tenant are not now unknown. Still, however pleasing may be the prospect where no hard-hearted landlords intervene between the Government as the great proprietor and half a million of tenants, and however conscientious and equitable may be the Englishmen who act as agents, surveyors, and factors for this huge landed estate, we must still incline to the opinion that scarcely any part of India is in a position to dispense with some of the best features of feudality. Happily Burma has been exempt from famine, and the population is cheerful, prosperous, and easily ruled; but in times of scarcity or disturbance it is no slight advantage for the British ad-

\* *Ashé Pyee, the Superior Country; or, the great Attractions of Burma to British Enterprise and Commerce.* By Colonel W. H. B. Laurie, Author of "Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma." London: Allen & Co. 1882.

ministrator to turn to a Nawab or Raja who owns not a few acres but several *Pergunnahs*, and whose father or predecessor was decorated for conspicuous loyalty by the hand of Lord Canning.

When we turn from agriculture, the Report teems with statistics of trade, inland and sea-borne, and we concur with Colonel Laurie in his estimate of the value of rivers as channels of commerce with Upper Burma, when we find that 84 per cent. of this traffic is carried along the Irrawaddy. The export of rice from Rangoon is enormous, and there is a marked increase in the arrival at that port of sailing-vessels and steamers. Petroleum is now raised by a Company established for that object, and it is satisfactory to learn that the crude oil can be stored or carried without danger. There are some tin mines in Mergui, the southernmost part of the Tenasserim provinces, but they are worked, as in many other cases, "in the usual desultory manner." It is reassuring to learn that strict attention is now paid to the preservation and replanting of teak forests. The area of reserved plantations has been enlarged. Measures are taken to guard against destructive fires, whether caused by carelessness or design, or reckless agriculture on the part of nomadic Karens. Some real progress has been made with cotton, and experiments are being tried with mahogany, Liberian coffee, cinchona, tea, and india-rubber plants procured from Para, in Brazil. The latter seem to have been rather a failure. All this is matter for genuine congratulation, especially when it is recollected that we have none of that terrible overcrowding so common in Bengal and Behar and parts of Upper India and Madras. Here are no endless lists of populous villages; no districts containing more than two millions of souls. The entire population of British Burma, exclusive of some hill tracts and one other district, is a little over three millions. Now one of the facts brought to light during the Behar famine of 1873-4 was that Tirhoot alone contained four millions of inhabitants. Burma has now a railroad of 163 miles in length. It is connected by telegraph with Calcutta. The town of Rangoon has been laid out with a regularity and a regard to decency, order, trade, and social convenience, unknown to our earlier possessions; and whether we look at its rich soil, its splendid forests, its noble rivers, its expanding commerce, and the absence of fanaticism or intolerance amongst its population, Burma has a fine future, and is, humanly speaking, as little likely to give us political anxiety as the quietest district in Madras or Lower Bengal. To do Colonel Laurie justice, the praises of the "superior" country are fully borne out by official statistics and by the growth of the province. But there is, of course, one element of combustion to be taken into serious account. An irresponsible despot massacres and tortures his subjects in Independent Burma, and we have had no representative either of the first or second order at Mandalay since October 1879. On more than one occasion of late our relations with the Court of Ava have been severely strained, and the crisis has required the utmost tact and firmness on the part of the Chief Commissioner to avoid a rupture. Danger is increased at such epochs by the advocates of progress and annexation, always found amongst the Anglo-Indian mercantile and unofficial population of Rangoon and Moulmein, and by the childish impertinences of the King and his Ministers. An unsettled state of the political atmosphere is unfavourable to inland trade, and we are not surprised that there should have been a temporary falling off in the imports and exports with Upper and Independent Burma. A more settled condition of things would result in a recovery, and in the natural and not forced development of commerce with the fine Chinese provinces which border on Burma land. It is perhaps not too much to expect that some ruler may arise less like an Ashantee potentate, who can form the average Asiatic prince's estimate of the power of the British Government and of the value of its friendship. Meanwhile we may be confident that we have ample means of assuring the security of our frontier provinces against raids, as well as of reading a sharp and severe lesson to any monarch who should be so ill-advised as to provoke a third Burmese war.

#### IN TRUST.\*

AN article on French novels in a late number of *Blackwood's*, which we can scarcely be mistaken in attributing to the same pen to which we owe the present clever story, opens with a justification of the novelist's ordinary method of composition—namely, not giving his mind to achieve a finished work, not caring to produce his very best, but contenting himself with what will serve a present purpose and satisfy the reader he has to reckon on. This way of working is vindicated on the ground of the world's ingratitude towards a class of writers to whom it is deeply indebted. A good novel is justly called one of the rarest things in literature, and one of the most costly to produce, as regards both the mind and work that goes to its making, and the evanescent nature of its existence. The writer puts all the resources of his genius into his story, all his experience of life, the produce of his personal sufferings, and this with such success that he is eagerly read at the time; yet, in spite of a consciousness of the worth of his own efforts and their ready acceptance by others, he knows there is not a guess at science or a dull essay in history that is not assumed to be a more valuable work than his. And this disparagement on the part of the world is so unjust as to increase in proportion to an author's powers of production. "He or she who writes two or three books

has a better claim for partial immortality than he or she who writes a score." The voluminous writer, "inspired by the strong continuous impulse of that power of narrative which is in its way a passion," gives time too much to carry. Time must not be too heavily weighted, or it throws the whole burden over. In every other calling it is a credit to the worker to do as much as he can, but here the reverse holds. The writer concludes the argument in an agreeable vein of candour:—

We do not pretend to say that the novelist is without his reward. He gets that in solid money—which is by no means contemptible—and in a certain kind of reputation; but everything urges him to be content with the success of the moment, as everything makes it apparent to him that not for him are the applauses of posterity.

But does the novelist starting on his career think of posterity at all? Posterity for him has its representatives in the largest and acutest of living intelligences. Genius at work is not wholly without such forethought, but it still acts through the present, through aiming to satisfy the highest requirements in itself and others. Very fluent pens, however, inspired by the passion of narrative, run their impetuous course in another frame of mind. Theirs is rather the position of the orator with a vast and promiscuous assemblage before his eyes, whose heart he has to reach now or never; to look beyond them would only embarrass him and check his eloquence. The present is his opportunity. Of course it is begging the question to say that mere quantity implies more work, more *doing*. The hardest work does not go with the fluent thought and pen. The real contrast between the brilliant novelist of the day, with his score, or rather scores, of works, and the author of two or three who has a chance of becoming a classic, lies in the opposition of two styles—the condensed and the diffuse. The authors of the two or three—we will assume that the writer has female authors in mind—paused and waited and re-touched with an excessive painstaking care which might even wound the self-respect of the fluent thinker and writer, and would certainly be uncongenial to his powers; for the difference between the condensed and the diffuse is fundamental. Fluency is a gift; the rapid pen has its charm, as much of our most popular fiction shows; but it writes for the day and the hour, and for *once* reading. The scenes in fiction to which we recur again and again have usually cost the writer more effort, more intense concentration, more vivid and lasting hold on the imagination.

The novel before us might stand as the subject of the argument to which we have called attention. Surely no writer of our day, male or female, has shown such fecundity as its author has shown, and we may add that not many prolific authors have sustained their own interest and spirit in their work at a higher level. It illustrates what is said of the passion of narrative, that no familiarity in plot-making prevents the plot, when made, from exercising its fascination on the inventor. It is the way, however, of fluency to desert the plot at times, and to expatiate on any subject that occurs to the mind or memory. The volume grows under such treatment at more cost to the reader's patience than to the writer's invention. In the present instance the first volume suffers from this diffuseness; while the interest gathers in the second, which is generally the flat region of the three. The motive of the story lies in the view that the life of young men subject to the influences of our day disables them for the higher impulses of feeling and romance. A young man of the nineteenth century, brought up at a public school and university, and mixing in good society, is a victim to his own social requirements. There are certain wrong things which he cannot do under his circumstances, but there are also certain sacrifices which he cannot make.

We are introduced to a man thus circumstanced bearing the name of Douglas, but in no way connected with any noted branch of the family of that name. He is a nobody in fact, but endowed by his father, head and trusted clerk in a solicitor's office, with all the advantages that a fair income can supply. We are to suppose him launched into society with cultivated manners, but without the elevating influence of a family life spent among equals; yet received on an absolute equality by the friends acquired in the course of his training. The line of the story is to make him a shabby fellow, but to excuse his course on account of these disadvantages. The position is dwelt upon with unnecessary amplification, the inconvenience of being a Douglas and yet a nobody exercising the author's turn for speculation. A man in such circumstances feels his disabilities no doubt a good deal less while his club is his home than when he proposes to a well-born heiress, and has to announce himself a nobody to her father, the situation of things with which the first chapter opens:—

"My dear, the case is as clear as noonday; you must give this man up."

"The case is not plain to me, father—at least not in your sense."

"Anne, you are very positive and self-opinionated, but you cannot—it is not possible—set up your judgment against mine on such a point; you, an inexperienced girl, a rustic, with no knowledge of the world! What do you know about the man? Oh, I follow he is well enough to look at; he has had the usual amount of education, and so forth; but what do you know about him? that is what I ask."

"Not much, father," said Anne, steadily; "but I know him."

The business of the story is to show Anne her mistake. The time soon comes when Douglas is very little obliged to her for this romantic confidence in his affection for herself dissociated from her prospects. The author spends a good deal of time in describing his state of mind. How he would have made Anne a good husband *if*, &c.; but how the training of the nineteenth century, with its finish, its exactions, its bondage to a high social

\* *In Trust; the Story of a Lady and her Lover.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Longmans & Co.



civilization stands in the way. The thing is well done, but the subject is not an interesting one to be dwelt on; therefore the real spirit of the story does not begin till we get away from the Douglas who is nobody, and have to do with the subject that gives the name to the story—the will. Wherever a writer of any power takes a will in hand the reader is sure to have his attention engaged; and in this case the plot hangs on two wills—one which gives Anne's father the means of perpetrating an injustice, executed twenty years before the story opens; and the other the instrument by which this injustice is perpetrated. Mr. Mountford of Mount had married an heiress, thereby raising his standing in the county and his social importance. This lady died early, leaving only one daughter, the heroine of the story, and also leaving a will, which we differ from Mrs. Oliphant in supposing the world at any recent date would have approved:—

These were the days when public opinion was very unanimous as to the impropriety and unnecessary of female rights of any kind, and everybody applauded Mrs. Mountford for resisting all conditions, and putting herself and her child unreservedly in her husband's hands.

Thus Mr. Mountford, exasperated at his daughter's obstinacy, is enabled to turn from the natural channel the fortune that has given him all his consequence, and leave it to his youngest daughter, the sole fruit of his second marriage. The reader accompanies him on his visit to the family lawyer, whom he instructs to draw the will. This Mr. Loseby, though somewhat conventional, is described with spirit; we may say he is a lady's lawyer, and perhaps for that very reason a lively element of the story. He is violently opposed to the proceeding, and when all attempts at discussion fail, commits himself to a statement which we need not say proves to be a prophecy. "When a man makes an unjust will I verily believe every word is a nail in his coffin. 'It is very seldom,' said Mr. Loseby with emphasis, 'that they live to repent.'" Mr. Mountford is affected by this grim experience so far as to improvise a document which he designs as a qualification or correction; but from the moment the words have been uttered the reader knows that the ball is in prospect—the ball which the younger daughter Rose regards as an announcement to the world of her elevation into heirship, and which the magnanimous Anne, who recognizes her own fall into a second place, prepares for and graces with all her skill at decoration—is to share the fate of so many balls in fiction; to act as a prospect merely, an anticipation or contrast to the gloom at hand—never to come off. Mr. Mountford's horse stumbles when he is within sight of the lighted ball-room and all is over with him.

The scenes which follow on the horror of such a return home, the shock of the moment, the bustle and confusion, the return to daily habits of action and of thought—all the aspects, we might say all the humours, of a great domestic calamity, are entirely in the vein of the author's observation, sympathy, and satire. Of course one great result of the disaster is the disillusion of Anne. The disconsolate widow and her daughter, on the ground that a little change of scene is necessary for their spirits, determine to go to London for a time. Anne acquiesces, for Cosmo Douglas lives in London. All this while there has been something which shakes her confidence, a something not allowed by herself, to which she shuts her eyes, and yet which tells. The mode of its telling is well indicated by a growing habit of still writing all her thoughts to Cosmo, but not always sending the letter. If she had had the faith in him which she professed herself to have, she would have sent the letters; she contents herself, however, by merely writing them. It has always been an assumption with her that Cosmo is working hard in his profession towards that greatness of fame and fortune which her high estimate leads her to expect. He is very pleasant, very cordial, makes himself most acceptable to the ladies, proves himself a perfect cicero. The days are past when Cosmo was looked down upon as nobody. The widow and the new heiress look up to him as their authority and guide. To Anne

At first it had been too pleasant to see him continually, to get acquainted with the new world in which they were living through his means, and to admire his knowledge of everything—all the people and all their histories. But by and by Anne's mind began to be bewildered. . . . Perhaps it was possible that men got through their work by such tremendous exercise of power that the strain could only be kept up for a short period of time.

But at length it becomes clear to Anne that she has been mistaken; that her sacrifice for his sake has not been the sort of thing he can thank her for; and she writes a letter which she *does* send. He acquiesces; still ingeniously contriving to throw the act upon her, and to sustain a sort of grievance. There is another gentleman quite ready to step into his place, and by degrees, very slow degrees, he succeeds. The amusement of furnishing the house taken for her stepmother and sister, and of choosing Morris's papers, is a form of distraction from regrets and cares which our author esteems a fitting mode of bringing her romantic heroine into sympathy with the habits and thought of our day.

In *Trust* was announced as a sort of experiment in publishing. The three volumes are brought out by Messrs. Longman at twelve shillings. We wish well to a spirited experiment, but we hardly see that its success will bring us appreciably nearer to the desired revolution in the relations between the writers and readers of novels. It is really only a question between publishers and the Libraries, for we are afraid it is almost as much out of the question that bookbuyers should purchase a three-volume novel for twelve shillings as for thirty-one and sixpence. No private house can find room for the fictions of voluminous authors. This is not the only reason for their sinking out of sight, but it is a sufficient one.

#### THROUGH SIBERIA.\*

"THIS book," writes Mr. Lansdell in his preface, "is a traveller's story, enriched from the writings of others." It would have been a much more valuable work had the author been content to draw on his own resources, and had he not borrowed from other people's wealth. We like not such "enriching." It is a traveller's business to tell what he sees and what he hears, and to go very rarely and very little beyond the range of his own observation. Mr. Lansdell is to some extent aware of this, and he has given not a few passages in an appendix which many another writer would have embodied in the narrative. Nevertheless, he has by no means done this to the extent that we could desire. His book is much too long, and in some parts it is wearisome. In spite of this great drawback, it will nevertheless find readers enough; for it contains a great deal of very interesting and curious matter, while the style is, on the whole, clear and lively. Moreover, to a large extent the author breaks fresh ground. Not only has he travelled where very few Englishmen had ever been before; not only is he the first English author who has visited extensive districts in the North-East of Asia; but, moreover, he has carefully inspected those famous prisons and mines of Siberia which have for long borne so ill a name in Western Europe. He is not, indeed, the first to remove the reproach which had hung over Siberia as the realm of barrenness and frost. Baron Nordenskiöld was perhaps the first really to bring home to us that in climate, in scenery, and in the fruits of the earth it is very like our own North-Western provinces of America, towards which so strong a stream of emigration is now setting from our shores. In so vast a region there are of course great varieties of climate, but while the northern parts are utterly desolate, in those that lie to the south may be found great districts as beautiful as they are fertile. There is no doubt the same severity of winter that our settlers encounter in Manitoba; but if the winter lasts long, the summer comes on apace, and with such fine weather and such great heat that the fruits and the crops are most luxuriant. In Mr. Morley's *Life of Cobden* we find recorded the following opinion of "an active-minded and intelligent German, Baron Meyendorff, the chief of a kind of Board of Trade at Moscow. 'He thinks the geographical and climatical features of Russia will always prevent its being anything but a great village, as he termed it, it being such a vast unbroken plain.'" The severity of the climate, he went on to show, also tended to bring this about. But in the eastern half of Siberia there is nothing, at all events in the geographical features, that is unfavourable to the formation of great towns. Had it belonged either to the United States or to ourselves, there can be no doubt that thriving cities would be springing up everywhere; that the forests would be giving way year by year as the tillers of the soil advanced axe in hand; and that homesteads would soon be scattered over the face of the whole country. Its area is at least once and a third as large as that of the whole of Europe, and yet in it, according to Mr. Lansdell, there are but seventeen towns with a population of more than five thousand. The colonization that is going on is almost of the worst kind possible. Instead of enterprising freemen pushing their way, with nothing but the difficulties of nature to struggle against, we have gangs of convicts poured in every summer as soon as the season allows of travelling. The Russian Government, in fact, is doing its best to spoil Siberia, as England for so many years did its best to spoil Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. It is idle to reproach a half-civilized country like Russia with a fault from which we have been free for only a few years. Nevertheless, we may well lament that such fruitful lands should be turned into a kind of sink for the Empire. Were it the case that of these convicts a large proportion were political prisoners, the mischief that would be done, so far as the future of Siberia is concerned, would be but trifling. But, if we can trust the figures that were supplied to Mr. Lansdell, these prisoners form an almost insignificant part of the whole number. In the great province of Kara, for instance, he thinks that, out of 2,458 prisoners, 73 at most belonged to that class, while there were 800 murderers and 400 robbers. These men are herded together as they used to be in this country, in large wards, while no direct attempt is made to reform them. "Even if the criminal," writes Mr. Lansdell, "be softened at the thought of leaving home or friends, he is turned loose among a herd of sinners more wicked perhaps than himself, with the imminent probability that he will speedily become as abandoned as they. . . . A doctor holding a high position in Siberia told me he thought the convicts, when released, did not as a rule become reformed." There is, however, in the Russian system one great safeguard, the want of which in ours turned Botany Bay and Norfolk Island into "hells on earth." By transportation, as they carry it on, the family life is not of necessity broken up. The convict's wife may, if she chooses, with her children accompany her husband. In that case they go with him, and "receive from the Government prison food and accommodation." About one man in six is thus accompanied by his family. Should the wife be unwilling to go, she may stay at home and obtain a divorce. If it is the wife who is transported, her husband may go with her, but he must travel at his own cost.

Even with this great improvement on the old English plan of transportation, it is clear that Russia is taking a very bad mode of

\* *Through Siberia*. By Henry Lansdell. With Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

settling her unoccupied lands. Were she to cut down the outlay on her army, spend more on her railways, remove all vexatious restrictions, and throw open wide her eastern territories, she might quickly draw off those restless and discontented spirits who are often so troublesome when cooped up in an old country, and who are such admirable pioneers in a new one. We have dwelt somewhat at length on this matter, as it is one that does not seem to have caught Mr. Lansdell's attention. His careful inspection of Russian prisons is indeed full of interest, and we must not be surprised if he has failed to consider the subject from every point of view. The judgment he forms of them seems, on the whole, too favourable; but at the same time it is from his own statements that we get the facts that lead us to this conclusion. If we can trust, we will not say his word, but his discrimination—and we see no reason to doubt either the one or the other—the Russian prisons most happily are no longer those dreadful dens of suffering that they once were. It is clear that much remains to be done, but it is no less clear that much has been already done. In fact, the prisons that Mr. Lansdell describes—and he saw almost all the chief ones of Siberia—are vastly better managed, we believe, than were the best English prisons before the time of Howard. He saw no such den of horrors as those places where the old gaol-keepers used to be bred. While, however, he does full justice to the improved management, he forgets to express his indignation at the pettiness of the offences for which men are often torn away from their homes, and transported some thousands of miles. Of those who go to Kara, it was estimated by one of the released exiles that about 16 per cent. in his day died on the route; but our author has no official statistics on this point. Now among the "crimes" for which a man may be sent to Siberia we find the following:—Insubordination to authorities; losing official documents; blasphemy; heresy and dissent; sacrilege; sheltering runaways; being without a passport; vagrancy; bad conduct and petty crimes; attempted suicide; insult; dishonouring the name of the Emperor; assuming false names or titles; usury and extortion; and eluding military service. If there were such laws in England we should expect to see one half of the nation, the Nonconformists namely, sentenced to transportation for heresy and dissent; and the other half, the Churchmen, sent after them for sheltering the runaways from so cruel a persecution. The law against dishonouring the name of the Emperor might easily be interpreted somewhat after the method of one of Fielding's sergeants:—"Harkee, landlord," said the sergeant; "don't abuse the cloth, for I won't take it." "D—n the cloth," answered the landlord. "Bear witness, gentlemen," says the sergeant, "he curses the king, and that's high treason." "I curse the king! you villain," says the landlord. "Yes, you did," cries the sergeant; "you cursed the cloth, and that's cursing the king. It's all one and the same; for every man who curses the cloth would curse the king if he durst." If, however, it is the case that these laws are at all strictly enforced, then there is the less need of anxiety for the future of Siberia; for in many cases the prisoner may be a much better man and a much better citizen than his judge.

It is not every one who knows how to inspect a prison, or, even for the matter of that, a school. Mr. Lansdell laboured indeed under one great disadvantage, for he cannot speak the Russian tongue. He had therefore to depend on the services of an interpreter, unless he was fortunate enough to come across those who could speak English, French, or German. "I did not once," he writes, "meet in Russia with a priest who could speak any one of these languages." On the other hand, he was not new to the work. For some years before he had taken a great interest in prison discipline, and had, in a spirit of philanthropy, inspected many gaols in different parts of Eastern Europe. In Finland he had made the acquaintance of a second Elizabeth Fry, who, being herself incapacitated by illness for further work, begged him to visit the Siberian prisons. But we will let Mr. Lansdell describe in his own words the curious exhortation that she addressed to him:—

My coming to Finland, visiting prisons, had awakened memories of her former work, and she set herself, after my departure, to write me a letter in English. She had had only a few lessons in this language when a girl; but, possessing a Swedish and English New Testament in parallel columns, and a dictionary, she set herself, with an industry and patience almost incredible, to find clauses and expressions that conveyed her meaning in Swedish, and then to copy their English equivalents, her letter ending, for example, "Here are many faults, but I pray you have me excused." The force of her language, however, was unmistakable, thus: "You (English) have sent missionaries round the all world, to China, Persia, Palestina, Africa, the Islands of Sandwich, to many places of the Continent of Europe; but to the great, great Siberia, where so much is to do, you not have sent missionaries. Have you not a Morrison, a Moffatt, for Siberia? Pastor Lansdell, go you yourself to Siberia!"

He listened to the call, and the following year started on his long journey. He took with him a great supply of portions of the Bible in many languages. "Besides these Scriptures there were copies of the *Roski Rabotchi*, an adapted reprint in Russian of the *British Workman*, full of pictures; also a large well-executed engraving, with the story written around, of the parable of the Prodigal Son." This last he used to nail up in the post-houses. Once, when he was doing this, the postmaster's wife "ran off to her husband as frightened as if I had been nailing up an Imperial ukase. . . . One postmaster, a Jew, said in German, as he finished reading, that it was 'a right good story.' The Government, as soon as it saw that his object was purely philanthropic, not only made no objection to his inspection, but even went out

of its way to facilitate his journey. The prisons were thrown open to him, and with the ordinary prisoners he could freely converse. With the political ones, however, no intercourse was allowed, either to him or to any one else. These unhappy people were kept entirely separate from each other. From this latter fact, however, the author proves that the number transported each year cannot be large. Separate wards in the different prisons on the road, separate conveyances, and separate cabins on the steam-barges are very limited in number. So far from the prisoners being overworked, he found that in many cases the hardest part of a Siberian prisoner's lot is his enforced idleness. In one prison there was barely a tenth of the prisoners employed. There was nothing for the poor wretches to do, and the time had become so wearisome to them that they begged for work. On the other hand, in the great prison of Kara, where the worst criminals were confined, neither was the Mahomedan allowed to rest on his Friday nor the Christian and Jew on their respective Sabbaths. When Mr. Lansdell comes to compare the Siberian convicts with English convicts, he says, "The Siberian has the advantage in more food (which perhaps the climate may require), more intercourse with his fellows, and far more permission to receive visits from his family." He forgets, however, in drawing this general conclusion, some of the facts with which he has supplied us. In a country where the officials are so corrupt, and where bribery can cover a multitude of sins, the grossest acts of rascality, and even of cruelty, may go on for many years. The present Governor of Kara seems to be an excellent man, but "some of his predecessors were so cruel that the mention of their names made convicts tremble." One inspector told Mr. Lansdell that he found that the director of a certain prison "had committed such frauds that, could he have hanged him, he would have done so." There were men among the officials who plundered the prisoners of their food. Want of space keeps us from pursuing this subject further. We are happy to believe, on the testimony of such an observer as Mr. Lansdell, that the Siberian prisons are far better than we had supposed. At the same time he lets us see, as we have already said, that, if much has been done in the way of improvement, a great deal remains to do.

We have dwelt on only one part of Mr. Lansdell's work, though doubtless the most important part. We should have liked, however, to show our readers that he is an acute and eager traveller as well as an ardent philanthropist. Those who care nothing for prisoners, not even for political ones, will find very much that will interest them in the account that he gives of his long journey from St. Petersburg to Japan. Thence he went to San Francisco, and so across North America to New York, where he took the steamer to Liverpool. A man who has travelled from one side of Asia to the other need not swell his book by the description of places which are already well known. So from Japan to England our author takes us in half a dozen lines. We cannot, by the way, understand how he makes out that he "compassed the world in nearly a straight line of 25,500 miles." At the latitude at which he travelled the distance he went must have been less by nearly ten thousand miles. His journey, however, even if thus cut down, was one of great interest, great adventure, and great endurance. The numerous and clever illustrations with which the volumes are adorned add very much to their value. We take leave of our author in the hope that, on the one hand, neither his philanthropy nor his love of travelling is exhausted, and that, on the other hand, his first venture in the world of letters may be so favourable as to tempt him to a second venture, though perhaps on a somewhat smaller scale.

#### WEEK-DAY LIVING.\*

THE Patriarch Job, according to Mr. Samuel Pearson, tells us that "when the young men saw me coming they hid themselves." This, Mr. Pearson thinks, was a mark of respect in the land of Uz; though in our own time, to hide oneself at the approach of an acquaintance is an action which may be less genially interpreted. In one of Miss Broughton's novels the hero, detecting the approach of visitors, conceals himself among the laurels. Even Miss Broughton, who is not very particular, thinks that this was an action scarcely becoming a young English gentleman. However we are to interpret the custom of hiding oneself when a person draws near, it is certain that instant flight and concealment will be the best policy of the young men and maidens at whom (in the language of Fonseca) Mr. Pearson dedicates his book. Mr. Pearson will be pained by this token of Oriental reverence, comparing him to the Patriarch Job in the days of his prosperity, and the young men and maidens will escape his terribly pompous platitudes. In trash we are not at all unlearned. We have drunk to the dregs the cup of "A. K. H. B.," and pondered over the proverbial lore of the descendant of all the "Tophers," or "top-lords"—"Protestants before Luther"—from whom Mr. Tupper derives his lineage. But we do not think we have ever read an author that, for content with his own wisdom and for complacent utterance of venerable platitudes, equalled Mr. Samuel Pearson, M.A. Mr. Pearson has written his book, he says, "in the strong hope that it may do young men and women some good." There are not many books, he declares, "which condescend to the practical details of week-day living." Mr. Pearson evidently draws a marked line

\* *Week-Day Living*. By Samuel Pearson, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.



between the life which should be led on week-days and that which is reserved for Sunday. And he appears to be under the singular impression that the vast majority of books contain instructions as to how Sunday ought to be passed, while an insignificant number of volumes, among which his own is pre-eminent, deal with the remaining six-sevenths of our mortal span. "It is not a frivolous world, however, even on week-days," says Mr. Pearson. He does not go so far as to say that our business here is to "play Hell," as Goethe is often reported, somewhat profanely, to have remarked. But he certainly does not think that life is all beer and skittles. "Tediumness is an unpardonable sin in modern society," observes Mr. Pearson, and then he goes on to "bestow all his tediousness" on us with the generosity of Dogberry.

Mr. Pearson's first concern is with making home happy. This, with Burns, he probably regards as "the true sublime of human life." How can a young man or woman make home happy? Partly by painting on china, and partly by constructing sensible antimacassars. "China-painting has come into vogue during the last few years. . . . The making of sensible coverings for the backs of chairs and couches may well occupy the leisure hours of some." To make sensible antimacassars is, in Mr. Pearson's opinion, the unselfish use of talent. He goes on to add this oracular saying—"There are sure to be great fretfulness and friction in any home that is self-contained." Antimacassars certainly do cause "great friction" and even fretfulness; but we have never observed that they are more uncomfortable in a "self-contained" than in a semi-detached house. But Mr. Pearson dates his book from Liverpool, where he may have had opportunities of observing the discomfort and friction peculiar to self-contained houses. Sensible antimacassars are seldom the work of men's hands; but must young men therefore despair of making home happy? No, they too have their opportunity. They "might tell their sisters of what is going on in the political world, and sometimes read out a good speech by one of the great Parliamentary leaders." The daughters may pass the shining hours in dusting the furniture, or cooking, "which," as Mr. Pearson says—and here we are delighted to agree with him—"might do more for the mother's comfort than the most splendid performance of one of Beethoven's sonatas." As to friendship, Mr. Pearson says that most people think they know all that can be said upon this subject. But they don't. Mr. Pearson has something to add to the observations of Cicero and Montaigne. He declares that "there are very few men who fit into each other as did these two"—that is, David and Jonathan. Friendship, he says, is a capital thing. "Dr. Johnson would have been a mellow man if he had met with early and kindly encouragement. Chatterton might have been saved from the crime of suicide if some sagacious adviser had taken him by the hand." Literature cannot too much regret that Mr. Pearson did not live in Chatterton's days, and "take him by the hand." Mr. Pearson enables us to understand how he would have done it. He says that a young man once wrote to him from respectable lodgings, saying that he owed *rol.*, and asking for advice. Mr. Pearson advised him to go into cheaper lodgings, and live on bread and water till he had paid the *rol.* Would this inexpensive sort of sagacity have saved Chatterton, or Otway, who had not the bread recommended by Mr. Pearson, and found it impossible to maintain life on the water? While he is talking about friendship, Mr. Pearson says, "Do not be like the young lady who, meeting another and a perfect stranger in a railway waiting-room, said, 'A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal friendship.'" This guide and philosopher of youth seems never to have read *The Rovers*. Railway stations did not exist in the days of Beelzebub and Puddingfield, and of "sweet Matilda Pottingen." Mr. Pearson warns us against making friendships in the circus, or at the evening party. About the evening party we are not so sure; but only very young persons indeed will seek to acquire the friendship of the clown, though the young ladies of the circus certainly attract by their grace and daring. The character and aims of friendship, Mr. Pearson warns us, must be Christian. "Without these conditions," there may be "noddling-in-the-street-ship," whatever that may mean, but friendship, never. And yet we have not read that David and Jonathan were Christians, still less Pylades and Orestes.

As to marriage, Mr. Pearson advises the young (and probably he is right), not to "furnish on the hire system." He adds, "The will should be made and signed on the wedding day. But *verbum sap.*" Why *verbum sap.*? Why not *solvitur ambulando*, or *timeo Danaos*? "The young woman should have a frugal mind." If the lover wants to know whether she is "domestic," he should "drop in for a book in the morning." If he "discovers that she is a slut," he had better "take the book back speedily, and borrow no more." But, if he finds her "at the wash-tub," then "call again." But a prudent lover, however ardent his passion, will do well, we think, not to call again when Amanda is at the wash-tub. Young women should "beware of the handsome young fellow of faultless tailoring, who can do nothing more than whisper nonsense in your ear." Ah, if Argive Helen had only been fortunate enough to meet with Mr. Pearson's little book, Paris would have failed in his profligate scheme of pleasure, and the tall house of Priam might still be standing. About courtesy Mr. Pearson is rather amusing. He tells his pupils "to study the ways and manners of Parliamentary speech, in order to learn what I will call the grammar of courtesy." In a happy home the two sisters will be making antimacassars, or will be at the wash-tub, while the brothers read aloud the speeches

of Mr. Callan, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Chamberlain, with a few extracts from the letters of that modern Chesterfield, Mr. John Bright. "How seldom," cries Mr. Pearson with touching simplicity, "how seldom are the rules which govern the conduct of gentlemen forgotten" in Parliament! It is a venial error, but Mr. Pearson does not appear to have studied the debates of the last few years with much attention. Mr. Pearson babbles on. "A moderate and brisk walk is good for mind and body, especially if your habits are sedentary," he says, with his usual profound originality. "There can be no joy in living in a dirty undusted room." "Fresh flowers are always to be had in the market during the season." "A hole in the wall stopped up at once saves an ugly rent." "Even in the days of Noah there was an ark." Why, when was there an ark if not in the days of Noah? "Great are the glories of soap if it be used judiciously." "Paintings are expensive." "How wearisome some walls are!" Alas, we never knew any wall so wearisome as these incredible platitudes of Mr. Pearson's. "To the unprotected and solitary of both sexes we say, Beware of bad men and bad women." Has some rival of Mr. Pearson's been giving the opposite advice? "By aimless, listless habits we lose hours, days, weeks." "The flirt"—and here Mr. Pearson shows that he knows nothing about the subject—"the flirt is a common and most objectionable species of human nature." Coming to humour, Mr. Pearson chooses Mr. Lowell as one who has made popular a kind of fun "which consists in the very absurdity of the misstatements." "If the talk turns on serious subjects, puns are a great hindrance." "Gambling is a very bad habit." Mr. Pearson next asks puzzling questions about the manners and customs of the Romans. Had they a special instrument for taking up asparagus? "Were they initiated into the mysteries of bread and butter and whitebait?" The Romans were initiated, we assure Mr. Pearson, into mysteries much less innocent than the dark things of brown bread and butter. He can consult Juvenal, or Suetonius, or Ouida on the subject. "What shall we say of Robert Browning?" asks Mr. Pearson, and answers himself thus:—"He requires study." He does, indeed. Mr. Pearson discourses of books, and finds one thing clear, that "no man can read all the books that have been published." Mr. Pearson's remarks on books, however, make the most sensible and least irritating of his essays. If young men of the unlettered class take his advice, and read the books he suggests, they will soon throw aside volumes like this of Mr. Pearson's. Only, when Mr. Pearson recommends *Foreign Classics for English Readers*, we must remind his pupils that certain of the volumes of that series are mere tissues of blunders—hasty, inaccurate, and, properly speaking, useless compilations. Perhaps Mr. Pearson's own work will be of service to students who have not learned to write from the usual copybooks.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WHEN the autobiography of Frederick Douglass (1) was first published, it attained a considerable and very natural popularity. Slavery was still existing, and still excited the strong popular abhorrence with which it has always been regarded in this country; and declamations against it appealed with even greater force to the commoner and meaner than to the nobler and more generous qualities and feelings of Englishmen. In the first place, the profound ignorance which we shared with the great majority of Northern citizens enabled writers like Mrs. Stowe and the author of *The White Slave* to colour their pictures as highly as they pleased, in order to suit them to the taste of their readers, with very little regard to the strict limits of truth and accuracy. Again, the jealousy and resentment which the arrogance and boastfulness of the Northern populace had excited found vent in contemptuous reproaches which made no distinction between North and South, which thanked God that we were not like those slave-holding Republicans who boasted with uncommonly little reason of the victories gained over us at New Orleans and Bunker's Hill. Even those whose taste and better knowledge were revolted by the violence of Mr. Douglass's language felt no inclination to criticize the temper or the style of one who had every excuse that the lack of education and the sense of bitter personal wrong could afford. No such excuse, however, can be made for the republication of such a work at the present moment. Republished with all its misrepresentations uncorrected, with all its vulgar abuse unmitigated, and directed now against the conquered and the unfortunate, it is simply an offensive libel. Those who are too young to remember the feelings with which the elder among us watched the American Civil War may hardly share the disgust with which we read the language applied to the countrymen of Lee and Stonewall Jackson. For Mr. Douglass every excuse is to be made. He is not more bitter, more vulgar, more reckless, than Mrs. Stowe, or Sumner, or Thaddeus Stevens, or any of the Republican leaders of the last twenty years. He learnt his style in the school of Abolitionist fanaticism, and naturally he has not unlearned it. But that such a work should have a prospect of popularity at the present day, that it should be possible to ascribe to the Southern people generally, as Mr. Douglass does, the cruelties and vices which even in the case of a few he grossly exaggerates, and that it should pay to sell such a work at a low price, is not creditable either

(1) *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*. Written by Himself. Hartford, Connecticut: Park Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

to the good sense or good feeling of the Northern people, and does not augur well for the future of the Union. It is clear that the worst passions and prejudices that brought about the Civil War still linger in the North, and that a large proportion of the victorious section still hate the conquered South with the insane hatred that a certain Irish faction bears to England. American politics will never be clearly understood or fairly interpreted by those who neglect or refuse to take this element of Northern character and feeling into account.

It is pleasant to turn from such a work to one which reminds us of all the noblest associations of that higher education which New England has inherited from our common ancestors, and still shares with ourselves. It illustrates, perhaps in a somewhat amusing manner, the distinction between Harvard and her elder English sisters, that the performance of the *Antigone* (2) by the students of the Massachusetts University should be thought worthy of being recorded in a neatly got-up and very handsomely illustrated volume. We do not gather that this single production of an Athenian tragedy on an American stage was much more successful, more elaborately prepared, or more creditably achieved, than the annual Westminster Play, the recent performances of the *Agamemnon* which probably suggested the Harvard play, or, if the comparison be preferred, than that performance of the *Antigone* itself at more than one British theatre of which De Quincey has preserved such interesting memorials. But unquestionably both the performance itself, and the volume in which a detailed account of it is preserved, do credit to the classic enthusiasm and poetic feeling of Harvard, and will long remain a subject of interest and pride among the students of the year 1881.

Most of our readers are probably aware that certain English journals, on which they have chanced in more or less desolate places, perchance while waiting for an appointment in a London coffee-room, or detained perforce by the rain in the parlour of some small inn among the lakes of Cumberland or the mountains of Wales, make it a practice to devote a full page of small print to the questions of correspondents upon all sorts of subjects. The practice, we believe, pays exceedingly well. It secures the sale of a large number of copies, independently of their other merits, and, if interesting to those whose questions have elicited them, the answers are often very amusing to the occasional reader. But, as a rule, the questions refer chiefly to points of social etiquette, and especially those which concern courtship and marriage, if not love. Among them nevertheless is always a sprinkling of legal queries; and these, with the replies to them, are by no means the least entertaining contents of the page in question. It is, however, a little surprising to find a first-class journal undertaking—surely without sufficient consideration for the vested interests of the legal profession—to answer as of course questions on commercial and general law addressed to it by bewildered or embarrassed readers. We know what is said of him who is his own lawyer; we should have conceived that a newspaper would be a still less safe adviser. No one has had to deal in legal matters with lay disputants or opponents without discovering the utter worthlessness of the legal opinions they are so fond of quoting. Before you can estimate the value of a professional opinion upon a particular case, you must know not only the opinion and the man who gave it, but the case on which it was given. So few men are capable of stating their own case clearly and fairly that these newspaper decisions *ad hoc*, though given by no less an authority than the *New York Journal of Commerce*, must oftener mislead than assist those who invite them. We find, nevertheless, that it has been thought worth while to embody them for permanent use in a solid octavo volume (3). The first characteristic of this "essential work of reference for business men" is, of course, its extremely miscellaneous texture, the absence of any coherent order, any connective thread, linking the successive questions and answers together. The next peculiarity that would probably provoke the notice of an ordinary non-professional reader is, as might be expected, the generally imperfect statement of the cases and the consequent conjectural character of many of the answers. But in one point the volume is, we think, instructive. It shows by many a complimentary reference to the statutes how studiously the Legislature of New York has endeavoured to reduce the technicalities of law to what seem to men devoid of legal training the rules of common sense, and the uncertainty and inconvenience that may in not a few instances arise from such attempts at simplification. For instance, we are told that by New York law marriage is a civil contract, to be proved like any other civil contract by such evidence as may be forthcoming. Judging by the few questions and answers on points of detail, the result would seem to be that the uncertainty attaching to marriage in New York must exceed tenfold that which is the boast and delight of Scotsmen. A man may find himself married by having written "John Smith and Wife" in an hotel book, though this may constitute not only the sole evidence but the entirety of his relation with the lady in question. If this is a misconception of the editorial dicta, it only illustrates the perilous nature of such theoretical replies to random questions. Of course, taking the volume as a whole, it contains a considerable

amount of real information regarding the local law of New York; but probably an English visitor would be better advised in consulting the first lawyer whose office chanced to be open than in trusting to the most careful study of this solid volume of commercial precedents.

A *Dictionary of Synonyms* (4) is almost as characteristic of modern, and especially of American, social requirements as a handbook of etiquette. Everybody nowadays may be required to dine out, to dance, to make love, and to quarrel, if nowadays no Englishman considers himself compelled to fight. In like manner, every one, at least every American citizen, may find himself at any moment called upon by his own sense of the becoming, if not by the public voice, to make a speech or write a book. Now, perhaps, no difficulty occurs so certainly and so constantly to the inexperienced writer or speaker as that of avoiding awkward verbal repetitions or the use of what seem vulgar and common phrases. A dictionary, therefore, which promises to translate all his thoughts into the proper diction of oratory, and to furnish him with two or three words at least warranted to express precisely the same meaning without the unseemly repetition of identical syllables, is almost a necessary of life, as necessary as in our earlier days we found the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, which served somewhat similar purposes in the construction of what we took for Latin verse. It is just possible that the oratorical or literary style to which Mr. Richard Soule's Dictionary is designed to contribute will bear a close resemblance to the Latinity of the verses elaborated by the aid of our elder and more familiar friend.

Messrs. Scribner continue their series of little books on the campaigns of the Civil War (5), and have entrusted to Colonel Palfrey—a gentleman with whose name we are not familiar—the account of two of the most striking of the earlier battles of the Potomac, Antietam and Fredericksburg. We neither envy Colonel Palfrey his task nor are disposed to reproach him for the manner in which he has carried it out. Nothing could be more unpleasant than for a Northern soldier, whose surname and State sufficiently intimate his political relations, to have to deal with two incidents by no means creditable to his comrades, and in the last degree disgraceful to his Government. That a battle should have been fought at all on the soil of Maryland was not honourable to the management of an Administration which controlled between Washington and Richmond four or five times as many soldiers as its antagonist. But the facts which brought about that battle, however perverted or evaded they may be, leave a yet more signal stain on the military reputation of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. They sent General McClellan in nominal command-in-chief of their entire forces to take Richmond. They deprived him at a critical moment of a force large enough to have determined the issue, because, though having in front of the Confederate capital an army outnumbering Lee's by two to one, they were in mortal terror lest the Confederates should cross the Potomac with a force capable of overpowering the garrison and storming the entrenchments of Washington. Lee had, partly owing to this act of moral cowardice, so utterly paralysed McClellan's force, which was even then much larger than his own, that he could leave it behind and move offensively upon Maryland. The purpose of that movement is hardly understood. Lee never intended to attack the trenches of Washington, defended by a numerous, if not a great, army. He knew that the population of Eastern Maryland was held down only by overwhelming military force. Had he been able to reach that part of the State, he would have undoubtedly recruited his army by 200,000 excellent soldiers, and have cut off the enemy's Government, temporarily at least, from the greater part of its resources. After insulting and degrading General McClellan in every possible manner, not so much on account of his military disasters as of his soldierly and honourable conduct towards the enemy, Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet flung themselves at his feet, entreating him to come and rescue them from the advance of the enemy. McClellan brought up to Antietam forces variously stated, as variously as are those of his opponent; but we believe that a great part of the Federal army consisted of troops as good as any at Lincoln's disposal; they outnumbered all under Lee's command by three to two, if not by two to one. Whatever Mr. Palfrey may say, they were repulsed. But Lee's victory had for the Confederates the effect of a defeat. The attempt to enter Eastern Maryland was one which only the vast importance of the aim could justify; and a check, such as only signal good fortune on his own side, or signal mismanagement on the enemy's, could avert, was sure to be fatal. Nevertheless, so little advantage did McClellan gain that the Confederate army retreated unmolested with plunder and prisoners before a force of vastly superior number. Fredericksburg, if honourable to the defeated army, was doubly disgraceful to their Government. Mr. Lincoln sent peremptory orders to Burnside to attack in a situation which both Burnside and a majority of the capable officers under him—we believe almost every commander of repute in the army—held to be simply hopeless. It is still doubted, as it was doubted at the time by one or two of the best and most daring of the Confederate leaders, whether the inevitable defeat might not have been followed by a night attack and the total destruction of Burnside's army. It is difficult to imagine any military error

(2) *An Account of the Harvard Greek Play.* By Henry Norman. Boston: Osgood & Co.

(3) *Commercial Precedents: selected from the Column of Replies and Decisions of the "New York Journal of Commerce."* By Charles Putzel and H. A. Bühr. Hartford: American Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(4) *A Dictionary of English Synonyms and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions.* By Richard Soule. Boston: Soule & Bugbee. 1881.

(5) *The Antietam and Fredericksburg.* By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.



graver than that of the general who allowed his hand to be forced. But no words could exaggerate the folly and arrogance of the civilians who, in defiance of military judgment, ordered and enforced such an assault. Unlike the victors of New Orleans and the runaways of Bunker's Hill, the Confederates never cared to boast over the victory, signal as it was, gained on the banks of the Rappahannock. Small as were their numbers, their position was so fortified that the best troops in the world would probably have failed as did the veteran army of the Potomac. It is highly honourable to that army that it attacked so resolutely, and in some instances so repeatedly, in circumstances in which even to the eyes of the privates success must have appeared all but impossible. Confederate writers have generally allowed that the true glory of that day rested with the Irish brigade which thrice attempted to storm Marye's Hill, and left its slopes covered with the dead.

Among the most interesting and useful of the few books on our present list are three that hardly belong to literature proper. Dr. O'Dea's book on Suicide (6) is partly medical, partly jurisprudential, partly anecdotal, and perhaps mainly metaphysical; at least the connecting thread appears to be drawn from metaphysics rather than from medicine, law, or history. The general result is disappointing. The volume, of course, contains a good many interesting facts, and a few more or less interesting speculations; but in real information, in novelty whether of knowledge or of treatment, it is far inferior to one or two recently published English works of lesser pretension.

Dr. Taylor's monograph on Sensation and Pain (7), also tinged by a metaphysical vein, is far more interesting, and contains more novel information within the very brief space of a single lecture. It deals with the subject simply, straightforwardly, and yet scientifically, in a manner and in language perfectly intelligible to any one who has mastered the general outlines of physiology; and yet throws light upon many points of the question which will be welcome, we believe, to professional students as well as to well-read amateurs. Dr. Kane exposes with much earnestness and force the growth of the habit of opium-smoking in the United States. It is not perhaps surprising that a people so nervous, so hard driven in business and professional work, whose habits, climate, and circumstances all contribute to exaggerate their mental susceptibility, should resort with increasing frequency to those drugs which give mental as well as physical rest. But that they should have chosen this particular form of indulgence will seem most surprising to those who know most about it. In all forms, except hypodermate injection, morphia is intensely disagreeable to the taste; of all forms in which it can be taken, laudanum excepted, crude opium is perhaps the nastiest; of all methods of using crude opium, the pipe is that which combines the maximum of unpleasantness with perhaps the maximum of evil result. It is well that Dr. Kane carefully avoids, and even rebukes, the exaggerations so common on the subject; but when he tells the reader what quantity of opium he himself has taken with impunity, we incline to think that he is somewhat imprudent. That quantity might, we believe, be taken by many, perhaps most, adults with no worse effect than a severe headache and sickness; but to others it might be speedily and absolutely fatal. The worst of all truthful works on this subject—and the present is one of the most truthful we have seen—lies in the fatal exceptions which writers are compelled to make. No one enjoys a really large experience, qualifying him to write on the subject, without having met with numerous instances in which opium has allayed pain and discomfort worse than pain, has enabled men to work who must otherwise have become hopeless invalids, and, though it may have shortened their lives, has done them very little perceptible and proveable mischief. In most instances its effects are distinctly cumulative—that is to say, do not begin to be fully felt till the habit is ingrained. We would recommend the study of such works as Dr. Kane's only to three classes of persons—teetotallers, who ought to understand what is the alternative danger to which any compulsory interference with alcoholic indulgence might expose the community; writers and statesmen engaged in resisting teetotal fanaticism; and men and women whose constitution and circumstances tempt them to indulgence in opium or in those more recently discovered sedatives, nearly all of which are even more certainly and more speedily injurious.

Captain John Smith has certainly a right to find his place in any series of American worthies (8); but that place is somewhat akin to the place of Hanno, not to say of Jason, among early navigators. How much of the distinguished Captain's story is really true, how much embellished or imagined, few of his biographers are able confidently to say. Among American men of letters Washington's Irving's place is perhaps, if not the highest, the most absolutely undisputed (9). But whether the record of a life so quiet, accompanied with a kind of review of works so generally read, be a really useful tribute to his memory, we incline

to doubt. The same might be said, with perhaps somewhat less confidence, of a more elaborate literary biography of Emerson (10), and with absolute certainty of a *Whittier Birthday Book* (11). We heartily admire Whittier, but we take it that no author likes to be dished up *en ragout*, and of all writers Whittier will bear it the least. His finest passages are almost always complete, though brief, songs, ballads, or invectives; there are few excerpts of half a score lines that afford any idea whatever of his peculiar merits. Noah Webster (12), the American Johnson, if not better entitled to such a memoir, stands in more need of it, since his merits, great as they are, are of a less popular kind; and even those who have consciously profited by the labours of a lexicographer or grammarian are seldom so grateful as to inquire into his personal or literary history.

(10) *Ralph Waldo Emerson: his Life, Writings, and Philosophy.* By George Willis Cooke. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(11) *The Whittier Birthday Book.* By E. S. Owen. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(12) *Noah Webster.* By Horace E. Scudder. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

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(6) *Suicide.* By James J. O'Dea, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(7) *Sensation and Pain.* By Charles Fayette Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(8) *Captain John Smith: a Study of his Life and Writings.* By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Henry Holt & Co. London: Tinsley & Co. 1881.

(9) *Washington Irving.* By Charles Dudley Warner. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

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1862	500	300	1,300	176 " 18 "
1863	150	90	240	172 " 17 "
1864	360	204	564	158 " 16 "
1865	161	81	242	160 " 15 "
1866	1,200	720	1,920	160 " 14 "
1868	800	416	1,216	132 " 12 "
	8c.	8c.	8c.	8c.

Further Additions will be made at every succeeding Division.

CLAIMS AND BONUSES PAID.....£4,028,000

ANNUAL REVENUE.....£456,000

**FOURTY-THIRD YEAR.**

ENTRANTS during year ending APRIL 1882 will secure

ONE YEAR'S BONUS more than later Assurers.

LONDON—5 LOMBARD STREET AND 48 PALL MALL.

BIRMINGHAM—58 New Street.

LIVERPOOL—11 Tithebarn Street.

EDINBURGH—3 Princes Street.

LEEDS—14 East Parade.

MANCHESTER—10 Bank Street.

GLASGOW—123 St. Vincent Street.

**COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY,**

FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.

Capital fully subscribed.....£2,500,000.

Capital paid up.....£250,000.

Life Funds in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceed.....£600,000.

Total Annual Premium Income, £837,000.

CHIEF OFFICES—19 and 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

WEST END OFFICES—8 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

**NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

Established 1836. 1 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

Subscribed Capital, £3,000,000, of which paid up £300,000.

Fire Reserve Funds, £698,108.

Life Funds as per last account, £1,533,028.

**PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.**

LOMBARD STREET and CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782.

Insurance against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.

Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,500,000. PAID-UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

**ASSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.**

Assurance against Railway Accidents alone.—Assurance against Fatal Accidents at Sea.—Assurance of Employers' Liability.—RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY. The oldest and largest Company insuring against Accidents of all kinds. The Right Hon. Lord KINNAIRD, Chairman. Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000. Paid-up Capital and Reserve, £240,000. £1,700,000 has been paid as compensation. Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or 64 Cornhill, or 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, Chancery Cross, London.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

**THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.—NOTICE is hereby**

given, that the RATE of INTEREST allowed at the Head Office and Branches of this Bank on Deposits subject to Seven days' notice of withdrawal is this day reduced to THREE AND A HALF PER CENT. per annum.

W. F. NARRAWAY, General Manager.

5 Princes Street, Mansion House,

February 23, 1882.

**PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION**

COMPANY.

UNDER CONTRACT FOR HER MAJESTY'S MAILS TO INDIA,

CHINA, and AUSTRALIA.

REDUCED RATES OF PASSAGE MONEY.—SPECIAL RETURN TICKETS.

Departures for—

BOMBAY..... Weekly } From Gravesend,

CALCUTTA, MADRAS, CEYLON, Fortnightly } Wednesday, 12.30 P.M.

CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN, and Australia, } From Brindisi,

ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY " } Monday

GIBRALTAR, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, Weekly, by each of the } above departures.

LONDON OFFICES: 125 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C., and

23 COCKSPUR STREET.